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"TRUE UNTO DEATH."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY JACK PEECY.

Hark to that shout that swells on high,
Above the raging battle's din!
Hark to the loud, exultant cry:
"They fly! they fly!—the day we win!"

Stretched on the ground, no comrade near,
A soldier lay, life ebbing fast
From out his wounds in ruby tears,
And each sigh seemed 'twould be his last.

What is't that fires that glazing eye,
Again recalls his failing powers?
What but the far-resounding cry:
"The rebels fly!—the field is ours!"

As these glad sounds fall on his ear,
With life he stands erect once more—
With waving cap joins in the cheer,
Then sinks to earth to rise no more.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

"Mr. Clement and myself," replied Latour, "have just met with a severe disappointment with reference to Miss Marsden."

Chapman coughed, while his partner turned a shade paler from an indistinct fear that Latour was about to indulge in some magic formula.

"We shall see her again," muttered the creole. "I am certain of that—we shall see her again."

"Well, I'm sure I hope so," said Mr. Chapman, "for she's a saint in heaven, for sartin."

"We shall see her on earth—you—I—all of us!"

"Lord forbid!" exclaimed Chapman. "I'm sure I should never get over it!"

"She's not dead," replied Latour—"she lives still! But where—heaven help us!—where?"

Mrs. Chapman's discomfort became so apparent that Athol interfered.

"We have the clearest proof, Mrs. Chapman," he said, "that the report of her death, backed up as it was by every circumstance, was as false as it was wicked."

Mrs. Chapman's uneasiness was by no means allayed even by this frank explanation. In a few words, Athol then told her all. "Well, really, I don't know what to say, sir!" spoke Mrs. Chapman—even forgetting her supper in the interest of the relation. "But, bless me! why don't you go to the police?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, that is our intention; but we will wait for a little, in the hope that we may ourselves discover her place of concealment without such publicity."

"But why?"

"Do you not know—for every one seems to be aware of it—that a secret, which not even her nearest or dearest could ever fathom, binds Lucy Marsden to Hugh Bernard? She has sacrified all, that that secret may be still preserved. Did we at once start the machinery of the law, that which she has done so much to conceal might be published in open day."

"But without you do that, when——"

"The time is at the will of Providence. Perhaps years hence—perhaps to-morrow—perhaps now."

Scarcely had the last syllable issued from his lip before there was an audible tapping at the shop door.

"Bother the people! Who can it be?" muttered Chapman. "And at such a time of night, too!"

"It's somebody got something to sell," cried Chapman, holding the door half open.

"I beg pardon, but seeing a light over the door, it's a lovely silk cloak and a lace collar. I'm going away early in the morning, mum; but I can take it up to town if you choose."

"Bring it in, Miss," said Mrs. Chapman, taking one of the candles from the supper-table and carrying it into the shop. "If it's good, I'll give you a better price for it than you can get in London."

"Well," said Athol, rising, when they were alone, "I think it's time for bed, eh? We'll knock them up at the hotel."

"Jest let me lend you an overcoat, sir," said Chapman. "I'll go with you to see where you put up, and bring you a suit of clothes round in the morning."

"Thank you for your consideration," replied Athol. "Come, Latour!"

"At your service, Mr. Clement."

By this time the bargain in the shop had been concluded, and the seller had departed.

Latour paused in the shop to bid farewell to Mrs. Chapman, when his eye fell on the cloak.

"Great heaven!" he said; "I cannot be deceived! 'Tis the very garment she wore when last I saw her!"

Athol snatched up the lace collar.

"The initials—the initials!" he cried—"'L. M.'"

With the swiftness of lightning, Latour opened the shop door, and gazed down the street.

Deserted; not a person in sight, nor even the sound of retreating footsteps.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FANCY FAIR—THE SCHEMING LAWYER ASTONISHES BERNARD—THE PLOTTERS PARTIALLY UNEARTHED—MARSDEN GRANGE TO BE SOLD.

With the double object of increasing his popularity and gratifying his insatiate desire for display, Captain Bernard, to the intense delight of his aristocratic neighbors, had proposed a fancy fair. 'Twas a merry throng which the sun shone on in that pleasant autumn afternoon. The lawn was completely filled with the gaily-dressed crowd. Tents of various hues and different decorations sprinkled the shaven lawn. In these the fair tenants disposed of their wares, and appeared delighted with this "playing at shop," which was probably the more welcome as it enabled them to exhibit their noble selves in a new and charitable phase. It would seem that the grounds of Marsden Grange formed the centre of attraction for miles around, and for the day no one was more popular than its lord. But the cold heart of the sternest cynic must have thawed as he watched the busy, laughing crowds. 'Twas for the benefit of the funds of the County Hospital. Useless autographs found ready purchasers at five shillings, while cigars, the tips of which had been kissed by the lovely lady merchants, were liberally bought at half a crown. From the roof, and from each window of the old mansion, flags of every color floated in the cooling breeze. Through the clusters of surrounding trees, the strains of music added charms to the cheerful, vivid scene. Thoughtless of the mother whom he had destroyed, unmindful of the daughter but two months in her early grave, Captain Hugh Bernard, his arm still in a sling, moved amidst the throng.

"Nuts! Here's your fine Barcelonas, twelve for a shilling!" cried the languishing Bella Vavasour, pushing her begilded truck towards him.

"Your prices rule high," replied Bernard, with a smile as warm as he could make it. "I would willingly become a purchaser, but——"

"But what?" inquired the bewitching Bella.

"I have no crackers."

"That excuse shall not avail you," replied the lady. "See!"

She placed a nut between her white, pearly teeth, and cracked it.

"I'll crack the twelve," she added, "for—a—ten shillings!"

Bernard assented. The task was soon executed, and Bernard, taking the nuts, gave the fair seller a sovereign.

"Haven't any change!" laughed Bella, as she wheeled her light truck away, crying once more, "Here's your fine Barcelonas, twelve for a shilling!"

Bernard moved in this manner from stall to stall, making purchases and receiving compliments. The ladies drove a brisk trade, and the funds of the hospital promised to be largely benefitted. 'Tis immaterial in what way good is done. Within the mansion open house was kept, and the spirit of high festivity revelled through the scene. To the lodge gate, while on the lawn the flood of merriment was at its height, came Ephraim Light, hot, dusty, and weary with excitement and swift travel. Gabrielle, who forbore to take part in the festivity, clad in deepest mourning, shuddered as she opened the gate to the man whose features she remembered but too well. M. Anatole, who from his garden, with something of delight, was watching the rapid coming and going of the glittering visitors, received him with his old military salute. Light heeded neither the one nor the other, but swiftly took his way up the road which led through the wood to the Grange. His clear red eye soon detected Bernard, who had crossed the palm of a pretended gipsy with a sovereign, and was listening to his "fortune." Light came with rapid step, and touched him on the shoulder. Bernard was startled with his sudden appearance.

"Come!" said Light; "a few words in private. "Come—quick! quick!"

"In a few minutes."

"When men totter on the edge of an abyss, time is not calculated by *minutes*," returned Light. "Quick!" he whispered. "I tell you we are run so close to earth that the decimal part of a moment may decide between utter ruin or lasting triumph."

Bernard, paling at these rough words, spoken so earnestly, made no further objection, but led the way to a private room in the mansion.

"Failure? success?" inquired Bernard. "What do you mean?"

"You don't suppose," cried the excited Light, "that I should leave my business to undertake this confounded journey, but for some urgent reason—eh? eh?" he added, angrily, as he perceived that Bernard was at a loss for an answer.

"I do not imagine it—no!" returned Bernard. "But I am at a loss to conceive what it can be."

"You shall soon be relieved from your wonderment. Listen!"

Bernard sat down, as Light stood on the opposite side of the table, and looked steadily in his eyes. From the grounds rose the music and laughter, but in the small room occupied by these two a perfect silence reigned.

"Captain Bernard," commenced Light, "believes himself the master of this mansion."

"*Believes* himself!" retorted Bernard. "If this is some new scheme——"

"Bah!" answered Light. "Clever as you deem yourself, in my hands you are a perfect child!"

"Light, you are mad!"

The money-lender merely acknowledged the salutation by an impatient wave of the hand.

"What are you——"

"Hush!" replied Light, in so determined a manner that Bernard saw he had no other alternative but to listen.

"By what right do you hold this domain and grounds of Marsden?"

"Under the will of the late Miss Marsden."

"But Miss Marsden lives."

"Lives!" shrieked Bernard.

"Lives!" repeated Light.

"But you told me——"

"I told you, yes—what I chose: as much, and no more."

"But her own letter——"

"Was forged by my order and under my direction."

"You distinctly said——"

"I said! Yes, truly, I said! Are you so innocent in the world's ways as to be ignorant that when it is necessary to impose a story on people by the means of a confederate, the best way is to convince that confederate himself of the truth of the story he is to relate?"

"Then you——"

"Imposed on the noble Captain Hugh Bernard—exactly."

Bernard started up.

"Sit down!" cried Light. "Sit down, I tell ye! No nonsense! Sit down!"

Bernard obeyed.

"I wasn't going to put my neck in a noose for you, or suffer you, in time to come, to crow over me, Captain Bernard. You thought that I had, partly for my own ends, and more for yours, murdered Lucy Marsden. There's no other word for it—murdered!"

Bernard's lip blanched, and he was about to speak. Once more Light silenced him by a repetition of his former irritable wave of the hand.

"If you had cut up rough, and dared me, I should have made the best bargain I could with Miss Marsden, and have defied you. The power which you believed you solely wielded was in reality within my grasp."

"Where is Miss Lucy Marsden, then?"

"No matter. Whither she has now gone, I don't choose to tell you—from caprice, if you like it. But, of where she was, I will be more confiding. In a dungeon, so secure, and so remote, that I deemed she was safe from every inquiry."

The long controlled passion of Light at last held imperial sway. Bernard fairly recoiled from the sight of the frantic man. His teeth were set—his eyes glared—even his very hair seemed to stir with his strong, vehement feeling.

"I placed her," he gasped, "with my own creatures—placed her in a dungeon, to which the light of day never pierced. The river rolled above her, and a door of triple iron closed her in; and yet—and yet——"

His parched tongue appeared to cling to the hot roof of his mouth—his face shone green—he looked like the fabled ghost—his excitement prevented the utterance of another syllable—he flung the window wide open and inhaled frequent draughts of the fresh evening air.

"Yet," he said, tossing up his hands and twining them in his hair—"yet she was discovered—discovered, I tell you, by two men, who, in this world, we should fear the most. You can guess them."

"Athol Clement and Latour," returned Bernard.

"The artist and the creole—oh, a double curse rest upon their souls!—the artist and the creole."

"Do they know——"

"Not where she is—no—but they have a scent; and lest the game is wary it will be hunted down."

Bernard seemed struck with the horror which pervaded Light.

"Transportation is before us—disgrace—ruin. There is but one alternative."

"And that——"

"Within a week—flight—far away. You see, I have lost no time. Everything must be turned into cash. And—then flight——"

Light tossed on the table a bundle of printed papers, and a supplement of the *Times*. One advertisement in this latter was marked. It ran thus:—

"Marsden Grange, near Alnwick, Northumberland. Unusual and important freehold landed investment of three thousand acres. Immediate sale.

"Messrs. Marlin and Clark beg to announce that they will sell, on the premises, on Wednesday next, the thirtieth of September, the whole of the above valuable property. It will at first be offered in one lot; but if no adequate bid be made, it will be subdivided to suit the convenience of purchasers. The purchase money to be paid the day after the sale. For the purpose of economising time, the deeds can be examined, and the abstracts compared, at the offices of Messrs. Swinley and Barker, 37 Clifford's Inn, London. The conveyances are in course of preparation, and need only the names of the purchasers to render them complete. The property may be viewed, and further particulars will be forthwith published."

"That's sharp work—eh?"

"Sharp!" returned Bernard, ghastly with rage—"why, man, it's ruin—desolation—disgrace!"

"It's safety," answered Light. "Do you understand that—safety? And that's a state you've never been in—at least, since I've known you."

"What if she *does* return?"

"Great heaven, don't stop to parley! Were the secret in her own possession we might perhaps be secure still. Don't you see that Latour and this artist fellow are on the scent. Do what they can, I defy them to discover anything between this and Wednesday. Afterwards, when we have the money that this place will fetch, we'll out of the country, and who's to find us then?"

"You say we?"

"Heavens and earth, you'll drive me mad! *We*—yes, of course, *we!* Had I never touched this accursed affair of yours, I should have had my business still. Do you suppose I am the dismal ass to surrender one penny without the penny's worth? You've been so long hectoring it over a parcel o' women, that you don't know how to speak to a man o' the world."

"But the shame of it!"

"What the devil was there in the sword thrust that every drop of manhood should be drained out of you? See! here are the printed bills, mere copies of the advertisement; we'll have them posted up at once."

"For heaven's sake, let these visitors go, then. To-morrow, surely, will be time enough."

"To-morrow, when nothing can happen better? There are all the capitalists of the neighborhood gathered about as thick as bees; they'll have the earliest intimation. I tell you the chance is the most fortunate thing that could have happened."

"It must not be!" exclaimed Bernard. "I should positively expire with vexation."

"Ah!" replied Light, "we business men are above these trifling sentimentalities. I asked you, perhaps, more out of politeness than anything else, but I tell you, when the bar of the Old Bailey presents itself before me, I don't intend to stand upon ceremony."

"Light, those bills shall not be shown to-night! I will not be disgraced before my friends."

"Friends!" retorted the other, the savage passion, which for a few moments had deserted him, returning in its fullest force. "Do such creatures as you and I possess such articles as *friends?* Pah! the friends we have we buy and sell, and when the means desert us for the purchase, they fly like swallows before the winter gale. Go! hide yourself in some hidden garret of your noble mansion. Let not your eye witness their gleam of joy—your ear listen to the ejaculation of surprise, subsiding into the whispered slander. Go! coward, go!"

Bernard felt helpless before the determination of the money-lender. He could utter no further word of remonstrance. But even Light half pitied the look of blank despair which he received, as, placing the bills beneath his arm, he descended to fulfil his resolve. Light, heedless of all, sought the kitchen, and waited while one of the maids had manufactured for him a can of stiff paste. He then bade one of the gardeners bring him a ladder. The fair was still progressing on the lawn. The ladies were selling, the gentlemen buying, the colors flaunting, while the noise of subdued laughter mingled with the strains of the music. When the guests descried the odd figure of Light carrying the bundle under his arm, and followed by a man with a ladder, they collected round him, in anticipation of some new surprise contrived by the master of the house to add fresh brilliance to the fete. The money-lender did not discourage this curiosity; on the contrary, he conceived it would prove an excellent means of drawing attention to the coming sale. Therefore he rather encouraged it. When, after a few preliminary flourishes, the placard was at last affixed to the wall, it was read with an incredulity which found expression in a wild roar of laughter.

"Don't you believe it, gentlefolks?" asked Light.

"Believe it!"

"Well, then, I tell you it's a fact," replied Light—"a fact, and that's all about it. I'm Captain Bernard's town agent. He's obliged to start next week for California, and he's going to sell this estate before he goes. If anybody chooses to offer a fair price by private contract, and will settle the matter out of hand, I'll be obliged to him."

"Seriously?"

"Now," said Light, turning round—"now, do I look like a liar?"

This was rather a daring challenge, inasmuch as it could not be fairly stated that Mr. Ephraim Light appeared like an honest man.

'I'm going to superintend the sticking up of a few more of these. If anybody wants me, I shall be heard of here. Anybody got anything more to say at present?"

The company were dispersing, communing among themselves. The business of the fancy fair, by this unlooked-for occurrence, was brought to a sudden termination. The carriages were ordered, and in a maze of bewilderment the visitors were driven to their homes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CLUE TO THE LOST ONE—ATHOL AND LATOUR'S PARTIAL SUCCESS—THE GREY CLOAK.

Through the weary night, along the grey moonlit streets, on the white country roads, sometimes hunting together, sometimes divided, Athol, Latour, and Chapman searched for "a tall woman, in a grey cloak and a straw bonnet trimmed with blue."

None had seen her. By the break of the morning they had engaged helpers. Every road was watched, every train, every boat. They drew a complete cordon round the town of Gravesend, but with no success. Athol had fretted his soul into an agony. Latour was quieter, and had confidence that he should be enabled to trace the woman on whose knowledge or evidence so much depended. The day had worn into another night. Still no success. Was it possible that after all she could have eluded their vigilance? Every woman wearing a grey cloak, who bore the most distant resemblance to the female of whom they were in search, had been questioned, but with no success.

"She was too poor," reasoned they, "to have two cloaks."

So they were convinced she was still in the town. Latour imagined that she had a guilty knowledge—that she had by some means heard of the endeavor to seek her out—that she was, therefore, concealing herself. There was a hand-bill distributed describing the person, and offering twenty pounds reward for her discovery. Once more anxious and wakeful through the night. Morning broke at last. Still no success! Noon came. Even Latour—was obliged to confess that hope was diminished little by little. At last there came [illegible] who knew the hand-bill in her house—at first for one night, then for two. Was she there now? Latour, Athol, and Mrs. Chapman followed their guide to a small house in Garden Row.

"That's the woman," said Mrs. C., as she entered.

The person addressed, who will be remembered as the sister of the stewardess of the Indiaman, was evidently in a state of the highest excitement.

"I haven't done wrong, sir—I haven't, indeed!" she exclaimed to Latour. "I wouldn't do wrong for the world!"

"You need fear nothing," answered Athol, "if you are innocent."

"And I am innocent, sir. The things were given to me. I never stole a thing in my life, sir."

"You have only," replied Latour, "to give clear, candid answers to the questions I am about to propose, and you have not the least cause for alarm. But if you speak falsely, or distort the truth, the consequences will fall heavily on your head."

"I'll tell all I know, I'm sure, sir," returned the woman, bursting into tears.

"You acknowledge yourself the woman who sold—who disposed of the silk cloak and lace collar to Mrs. Chapman, two nights ago?"

"Yes, sir; but I never stole them, sir," she answered, sobbing.

"To whom did they belong?"

"To Mrs. Jarvis, sir."

"Where does Mrs. Jarvis live?" asked Athol, taking out his pocket-book to note her answer.

"She's gone out to India."

"And she gave them to you?"

"No, poor thing! She couldn't give them—she hadn't the sense."

"Explain yourself."

"Mrs. Jarvis is a mad lady, who has gone to her husband in India."

Latour began to entertain some glimmering notion of a most devilish plot.

"From whose hand did you directly receive that cloak?"

"From my sister, who gave it to me."

"And she received it——"

"From—I forget the person's name, if ever I heard it; but the attendant of the lady."

"Whose name, you say, was Jarvis?"

"Oh, I'm certain of it! I saw it on the boxes."

"Why did you not tell us that before?"

"I heard you had been making all kind of inquiry after me, and I was afraid of being mixed up in anything."

"That was your only reason?"

"My only one—yes!" declared the woman, who was beginning to breathe more easily as she imagined her close examination was approaching its termination.

"And this lady—this Mrs. Jarvis—did you see her?" asked Latour, significantly.

"Oh, yes!"

"And did she seem mad—to you, I mean?"

"Oh, yes! no doubt of it, sir!" replied the woman.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, her general manner, and what she said."

"What, then, did she say?"

"Oh! such a number of things, that I really quite forget!"

"Mention one of them," urged Latour.

The black eyes of the creole gleamed with intelligence.

"But she said something else, surely!"

"Let me think," said the woman.

There was a dead silence in the room.

"Yes, I remember!" suddenly cried the woman. "She had come from Tonbridge Wells; and she declared that she'd been 'prisoned in a cellar—of all places in the world—under the Thames!"

"Great Heavens!" screamed Athol; "'twas Lucy!"

"She said it was Lucy!" quickly rejoined the woman. "Lucy Mar—Mar—"

"Marsden?" rapidly suggested Latour.

"Marsden was the name," concluded the woman.

"The name of the vessel?" asked Latour, battling with and beating down his emotion.

"The Jessie Arnold."

"We may have time!" cried Latour to Athol. "To London! Quick!"

Swiftly they descended the stairs, and, coursing through the streets with the speed of deer, went to the station and took the earliest train to London.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TROUBLE AT MARSDEN GRANGE—SILAS THREATENS THE LAWYER—TROUBLES ACCUMULATING.

The occupants of the lodge at Marsden Grange were not a little vexed by the threatened change of proprietorship, which might disturb their possession, and oblige them to return to their domicile in London. The bills announcing the approaching sale of the mansion, affixed to every spot of vantage in the grounds and upon the house itself, exercised a most depressing effect. It was a visible proof of the invincible logic of facts overturning the rosy dreams of imagination. Charley, just as he said he was getting "used to it," might be compelled to surrender the duties of sub. steward. Gabrielle was even less content to leave the flowers she had nurtured with so much care; while M. Anatole grew into despondence as he remembered that his attacks on the irregular verbs must be necessarily less vigorous and less continuous when he had also to supply lessons in his native tongue for the modest remuneration of sixpence only. Gabrielle had heard nothing from Latour with reference to the fate of Lucy. The hope which for a brief time she had fondled, that her beloved mistress and friend was yet alive, began to fade. She still wore her mourning costume—the outward sign of her sad heart.

"I suppose," said Charley, "I shall have to deal in crotchets and quavers once mere, just as I was getting comfortable. Precious nuisance, isn't it?"

"But you can't be so sure of that, Charley," replied Gabrielle. "Who knows but that the new owner will engage you? You'll be very useful, you see, knowing all the ways of the place, and the tenants, and all."

"And you, Gabrielle?"

"I suppose we shall have to surrender the lodge and return to the London fog!"

"If you go, I go," answered Charley, with determination.

"Time enough to talk of that, Charley, when the arrangements are settled. Perhaps we may be both obliged to go; or perhaps both of us may be enabled to remain."

So many were the persons who visited the Grange in consequence of its proximate sale—the majority to indulge their curiosity—that Gabrielle had kept the lodge gate open rather than trouble herself to attend on each succeeding arrival. Anatole, perhaps, was somewhat amused as he saw the comers sweep past; and to observe them the more completely, he had stationed himself in the small garden in the front of the lodge. While thus engaged, he was accosted by a singular-looking man in mean attire. It was Silas.

"Muster Light anyways up here?" he asked of old Anatole.

"Gabrielle, mon cher, here is von gentleman; he vant Mr. Light. Pray sair vot do you vant, eh?—to buy the Grange?"

"To buy what?" said Silas.

"Ze house and ze ground. Do you vant to buy it?"

"Look ye, sir! You cussed French foreigners, if you think you're going to chaff me, I'll let you see!"

Silas accompanied these words by an angry action.

"Sair—vat you mean? You let me see! I see vare vel vithout your permis-see-on."

The discussion might have grown into an altercation but for the intervention of Gabrielle.

"What is it you want, my good man?"

"To see Mr. Light, that's all. I'm the wrong sort of bird to care for chaff," he concluded, with a half-threatening glance at Anatole.

"You had better go up to the house. You will see him there," answered Gabrielle.

"I want to see him private," answered Silas. "If you'll

ADDIE ANDERSON. EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

ust let him know that an old friend of his wants to see him, he'll come all right."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865

To Correspondents.

J. B. H., Washington, D. C.—"If A bets that the City Hall, N. Y., was burnt on the occasion of the celebration of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, does he win or lose? The other party content that it was burnt the night the Queen's message came through." .....The City Hall was burnt late on the night of Tuesday, Aug. 17th, 1858, or early on the morning of Wednesday, Aug. 18th, on the occasion of the celebration of the reception of the Queen's message over the Atlantic Telegraph. The regular formal celebration of the successful laying of the Atlantic telegraph toook place on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1858.

W. H. R., Paterson, N. J.—There were four M'Kay's—Angus, Ned, two Alecs, and another; presuming you mean one of the Alecs, we give the performances of both:—Alec the first beat Paul Spencer, 25r., Oct. 16, 1828; beat Spencer over again, 36m. 34r; beaten by Simon Byrne, 47m. 5r, 1827; ditto, 53m 47r., June 2, 1830, fatal to M'Kay. Alec the second (Scotch), beat M'Allister 30r. 60m., Dec. 15, 1840; beaten by Wm. Byrne, 23r. 65m., Feb 3, 1841; beat Gibbons, 97r., Dec. 6, 1842; draw with Gibbons, 30r. 127m., Dec. 5, 1843.

WARD ROOM, Gunboat Nymph —1. Dora is not performing at present. 2. The Webb Sisters are not creoles. 3. Mrs. Edwin Forrest is not now on the stage. 4. Zoe was born in Havana in 1840. 5. Is married. 6. Susan was married to Harry Huntingdon. 7. She was last with the Wallack-Davenport Combination. 8. Julia Dean is in California. 9. Fredrick's, photographer, 587 Broadway.

CITY STAGE, Philadelphia.—1. The Walnut was opened Jan. 1st, Nov. 1809, as a theatre; opened for dramatic performances in 1841; Mrs. Garrick[illegible] Warren; E. A. Marshall was lessee in 1859. It is the oldest building at present used for [illegible] now in this country.

GREEN TOM, Columbian Spa.—"A, B, C and D are playing straight poker. D deals, A makes a blind of one check. B straddles it by putting up two checks. Now, how much or how many checks will it cost C and D to come in, also how many will A and B have to put in to make the blind good?".....It will cost C and D four checks each, A three, and B two.

J. S. AND J. R., Philadelphia.—"If, at cribbage, A plays an eight, B a seven, A a nine, and B a six, is B entitled to four points for his six?".....If it was a "go;" that is, if neither A nor B had an ace, B was entitled to five points; if it was not a "go," then B was entitled to but four points for the sequence of 6, 7, 8, and 9.

W. O. S., Chestertown, Md.—"In playing forty-fives, hearts are trumps. The ace of hearts is led, the third man puts on the five of trumps, the last man to play has the Jack of trumps alone. Can he renig the Jack or not?".....Yes. If the five had been led, however, he could not have "reniged."

OPERA, Philadelphia.—The Academy, Philadelphia, will seat as follows:—Parquet, 480; parquet circle, 580; balcony, 408: first circle, 128; six proscenium boxes, 96; second tier balcony, 424; second tier boxes, 134; two proscenium boxes, 32; amphitheatre, 518—in all 2900 seats, besides camp stools for 700 more.

ATLANTA, Ill.—"A, B and C sit down to play poker. They each take twenty checks, no money deposited, as they are playing on honor. A loses his twenty checks and quits the game; C leaves off twenty checks ahead. Who should redeem the twenty checks?".....A must pay C the amount the checks represented.

J. R., Pittsburgh.—"In a game of four handed euchre, can the dealer, when his partner orders him up, go it alone?"..... The rule on this point differs in different localities. We incline to be opinion that the dealer cannot go alone when his partner assists.

OCCASIONAL, Baltimore.—Frank Forester was the author of "Field Sports," "Fish and Fishing," "Horses and Horsemanship of the United States and British Provinces," "The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen," "My Shooting Box," etc. He also edited Dunks, Mayhew & Richardson's work on "The Dog."

S. S., Chicago.—"A bets that Flying Dutchman made better time than Flora Temple's, trotting. Who wins?".....There never was a trotting horse named Flying Dutchman. The time of the Dutchman at three miles is better than Flora Temple's, but the mile time of the latter is better than his.

STILLWATER.—No, 3 wins the game. No 1 must make the two points he offered to win, and notwithstanding he makes his High Jack, No. 3's low goes out before him. It is obligatory on No. 1. to win, to make his two points before No. 3 makes his one. At least that is our view of the case.

OLD SLEDGE.—The last card must be turned up by the dealer for the trump card, irrespective of the consent of the party begging. Should it prove to be the same suit as that which has already been run, a fresh deal must take place.

P. H. O'B., Delphi, Ind.—The idea of 58 rats being killed by a dog in one minute is preposterous; Jemmy Shaw's black and tan dog Jacko killed 60 rats in 2m. 43 secs., in London, which, we rather guess, "takes the rag off" in the way of rat killing.

ENQUIRER.—1. Pike's Opera House *building* is larger than the New Bowery, but that part of it devoted to the drama is not. The New Bowery will seat a great many more people. 2. A loses the game, the non-dealer scoring the point when a tie occurs.

ENQUIRER.—The Crystal Palace was on Broadway and Forty-second street. With the exception of the floor the edifice was built of iron and glass, and cost $500,000. Was opened July 15th 1853, and destroyed by fire Oct. 5th, 1858.

THUNK MAKER, Philadelphia.—Your religious friend is trying to play a religious sell upon you. The best walking time on record is that made by Westhall in England, when he walked eight miles in one hour and two minutes.

[illegible] yards in 9 secs. by Geo. Seward: ¼ of a mile in 48½ secs. and ¼ a mile in 1 min. 58 secs. by Harry Reed; and one mile in 4:20½ secs. by Teddy Mills. 2. We have no CLIPPER containing your advertisement.

E. H. N., Brooklyn.—1. Kate Bateman is in England. 2. Not married. 3. Dan Rice is living and has not a company performing at present. 4. Richard Platt is the owner of the New York Hippotheatron. 5. Spalding and Rogers' Circus is in New Orleans.

ACE KING, Brooklyn.—Five card cribbage is preferred to six card by the majority of players, as it is claimed that it is the more scientific game. For amusement, simply, we prefer six card cribbage.

COPHO.—Henry Wood's Minstrel Hall opened July 7th, 1862 Eph Horn, Abecco, Frank Brower, Cool White, and Charley Fox, were in the company on the opening night.

BILLIARDS, N. Y.—For going in the pocket after caroming on the white and red balls, the forfeiture is only two points instead of five, as C wrongfully claims.

OCTE, Washington.—The Philadelphia Academy is larger than the New York Academy, and the Boston Academy is larger than Pike's Opera House.

NEMO.—1. The Old Broadway Theatre would hold 4500 persons, and was larger than the Academy of Music. 2. The Astor Place Opera House accommodated 1800 persons.

JUSTICE.—We shall be happy to have a private interview with you upon the subject. At least give us some proof in support of your charges.

T. SMITH, Morris Island.—1. Dan Rice is not dead. 2. Mrs. John Wood played Pocahontas at the Olympic in this city Oct. 19th, 1863.

W. H. B., H. Ferry.—We have not seen the treatise, but we believe the advertiser to be a reliable man. The ad. will inform you how to procure the work.

W. T.—Not quite point enough about the "Katie" to be of general interest, although you may have felt different at the time of the accident. Respectfully declined.

R. C. D., Savannah.—You will find the lady's whereabouts in the CLIPPER almost every week. If you send the letter to this office we will forward it to the lady.

FAIRPLAY, Philadelphia.—We think you are mistaken in regard to the character of the concern. Possibly your remittance may have been miscarried, and it might be well to write them again.

HARRY B., Army of the James.—Four fours and a tray count twenty at cribbage, viz., eight by fifteens and twelve for double pair royal.

J. S. AND J. R., Philadelphia.—What is the question? We make no charge for answering correspondents.

S. O. B., Chicago, Ill.—All right. See advertisement. For three months, $29.95, with $5 received to be deducted.

CONSTANT READER, City Point, Va.—A wins; three of a kind beat a straight.

J. HOAR.—Johnson having failed to *beat* S on the first throw, Hoar wins; and also wins the second bet.

W. A., Binghampton.—Trustee and Lady Fulton have both trotted twenty miles in the hour in this State.

QUERY, Poughkeepsie.—Flora Temple is alive, and at the present time is at the Suffolk Park Course, Philadelphia.

GALWAY.—We are not sufficiently posted on "Steeple Chasing in Ireland" to answer your question.

W. H., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Items are always acceptable. Money to hand all right. Thank you.

MAGHERNFELT, Buffalo.—Your communication will appear in our next.

FRANK H., Cincinnati.—We hold to the opinion that he cannot, but it is better to settle the point before commencing the game.

C. W., Co. F. 11th N. J. Vols.—The parties disclaim any idea of defrauding you, and promise to attend to your case.

DEMOCRAT.—We have no knowledge of his striking 965 lbs. on a striking machine in Liverpool.

S. P. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Eight miles in 1h. 2m. by Charles Westhall.

JOHN C. S., Lima.—We cannot send you any back numbers of the CLIPPER except of the present vol.

POOR WHITE, Washington.—A man who bets on a "certainty" wins, providing the "sure thing" turns out to *be* a certainty.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER, Elmira.—We never publish charades; the specimens you send us are very cleverly worked up.

A. B. H., Philadelphia.—The party who threw 43, won the bet, as he does not seem to have sold his bet in disposing of his throw.

E. H., Fishback.—Tom Sayers proclaimed his father to be an Englishman. We presume Tom is correct.

WM. B. S., 155th Pa. Vols.—Tom Sayers never had a prize fight with Jem Mace.

JOHN W. GRIFFITH, Elizabeth, Ind.—Your subscription does not expire until No. 8 of Vol. 13.

J. W. JENNESS, Bradford, Vt.—Your six months subscription expired with No. 40. For six months more, $2.50.

N. C. R. Rochester.—Junius Brutus Booth died in 1852.

MORTON.—Four aces only count twelve, as a pair royal, at cribbage.

M. T.—Charles Loveday is at the Rochester Theatre.

DICK SANDS.—Your letter was sent to Indianapolis.

CHASING SQUIRRELS.—The second annual squirrel-hunt of the Rockville (Mass.) Hunting Club came off lately, and the count on both sides was two thousand eight hundred and nine.

THE LATE CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH.

Its Bad Management.

THE FIFTH of the present series of Championship billiard matches has been lost and won, and, as was pretty generally anticipated, Kavanagh has again proved the winner, although he by no means had an easy thing of it. As an exhibition of billiard playing, or as a square thing between the principals we have no disposition to criticise it, but in regard to the management of it, especially when compared with those matches held at Irving Hall, the verdict is a brief one, namely, that it was disgraceful, and the sooner our professional billiard players rid themselves of those interested individuals who have had the control of this affair, the better will it be for them and the game they represent, for what was once very properly considered a parlor pastime, and one which it was thought harmless, nay beneficial for ladies and even children to witness, has been reduced by the conduct of the parties alluded to, to the level of a mere gathering of rowdies. Lest we should be considered partial in this matter, we here quote from the *Daily Times* of the 21st inst., which, referring to the scenes and incidents, says:—

"As early as six o'clock, parties began to gather around the building, and when the doors were opened the rush was so great that it was almost impossible, even with the aid of a large body of police, to preserve anything like order, and prevent persons not supplied with tickets from entering with the crowd. The boxes had been reserved for the ladies, but they were quickly and forcibly taken possession of by a mob, who refused to give them up to the ladies, or obey the rules of the exhibition—rules which as gentlemen always conform to. It was then stated that these men refused to move from the seats they had so unfairly [illegible] and most of the ladies for whom the seats were reserved, were obliged to leave the building without seeing anything of the billiard playing."

Now, is it to be supposed that gentlemen will venture to invite ladies to accompany them to a billiard match after such conduct as is here portrayed? We think not; nor will the respectability borrowed from the Academy of Music avail a second time to induce them to go as far as the doors even, unless better men have control, and a surer guaranty given that order will prevail. Our view of the case is, that the management of the late match were chagrinned at the exposure their doubtful conduct had met with at the hands of the press, and this led them to fear that the Academy would present, on the evening in question, a miserable account of empty benches, to counteract which, free tickets were pretty generally distributed, and when there still was room, those who had no "paper" were admitted. At all events, it is well known that the party whose business it was to receive tickets left his post when the influx of people was at the flood. As we have said, the control of these billiard matches must be put into proper hands, or else the game of billiards will soon be looked upon suspiciously, and ranked with bogus pedestrianism, trotting, etc. Let us then have reform in this direction, to the end that disaster may be averted, for if the present practice be persisted in, professional billiard players and saloon proprietors will have reason to regret that our advice was not taken, as the patronage of matches and practice at the game by amateurs will fall to a low ebb, and it will no longer be the profitable business it now is. Let the CLIPPER's warning be observed in time.

P. S.—Since the above was penned, the following evidence, showing how the house was packed, has come to hand. It is one of many circulars distributed gratuitously:—

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1865.

MR. ——— —*My Dear Sir:* Yourself and family are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion of the great billiard contest for the Championship of America between Dudley Kavanagh and William Goldthwait, at the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, January 20, 1865.

Play will commence at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Yours respectfully, DUDLEY KAVANAGH.

Please show this invitation at the door.

A shrewd dodge truly, to add to the profits (?) of the enterprise. There is one thing we should like to know, however, about the above invitation, viz., whether Kavanagh signed all these gratis invitations; if so, poor Goldthwait's share of the glory, as well as the profits, must have been small; and it would also give some coloring to the suspicion manifested by many that the whole thing was a put up job, and that the house was packed by Kavanagh's friends. We hope and believe, however, that the allegation of unfairness is unfounded, and that it can readily be disproved.

FIGHT TALK.

VERILY, things have a bad appearance "way down South in Dixie," not only in a military point of view, but in a political as well, for from the Richmond press we learn that they are having a very pretty wrangle in the rebel Congress, and language is used similar to that which characterised the "legislative lingo" of the gentlemen of the South when they bossed the concern for Uncle Sam. As a sample of irate oratory, we question whether the following, by a Mr. McMullen, can be surpassed:—

"Mr. McMullen, by consent, rose to a personal explanation on the 17th, and said, among other things, that he would not allow himself to be insulted by Mr. 'Q' which was an assumed name, but if Mr. Q. was a gentleman, and would call on him as a gentleman, he would give him satisfaction. He had always considered Mr. Smith of the *Sentinel* a gentleman, and he had no evidence to the contrary, but if Mr. Smith, or Mr. Q. chose to arraign his action here as traitorous, he pronounced them as *base minions, infamous liars, scoundrels and puppies.* He was responsible to his constituents for his action, and not to Tom, Dick and Harry."

Talk about fight talk, why Jem Mace couldn't beat it. In fact, *less* than that has got many a man a punch in "the Irish snoot," as the bootblacks say. Our opinion is, that if Mr. McMullen is only half as good on the spar as he is on the spout, Mr. Q. will quail for the consequences. Taking an impartial view of affairs among the "secesh," we thing they begin to wear a gloomy aspect, and the chances are that Mr. Lincoln will yet be president of *all* "these United States" by the fourth of March. Thomas has cut off the legs of the Confederacy, Sherman is cutting up a variety of capers in its abdomen, Porter and Terry have bunged up its eyes, Gen. Grant has got its head in chancery, its chief bottle holder—the London *Times*—has forsaken its cause, and now, as we see above, the seconds and abettors are having a muss in their own corner. Verily, it is a bad case, and the "Crowner's 'Quest" will soon have to be held, and like Blair and others, we hope a verdict of "*requiescat in pace*" will soon be rendered. As for Jeff Davis, as he has already lost one Foote, he had better get his duds in his black bag and skedaddle before he loses the other.

A THOROUGH-BRED YANKEE TERRY-ER.—One of the Richmond (Va.) papers, in alluding to the failure of the first attempt to take Fort Fisher, said, "A friend of ours, given to punning, says that the Yankees were "*Lamb*-ed out" at Fort Fisher, to which we beg leave to respond that said "punning friend" counted his chickens before they were hatched, and did not calculate upon our thorough-bred Yankee Terry-er. *He* was the dog that worried the lamb, that repulsed "the beast," etc.

THE FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND was numerously attended on the afternoon and evening of the 21st inst., the fair sex being largely in the majority. The pond was illuminated with calcium lights, a good band "discoursed most excellent music," the ice was tolerably good, and the whole scene may be briefly summed up as having been a skating carnival indeed.

THE CENTRAL PARK POND was crowded on Sunday, the 22d inst., and what with skaters, spectators, and those continually going and coming, it seemed as though New York had emptied itself into the Central Park for an afternoon's frolic on the ice. The sanitary condition of the city was not affected for the worse by this exodus to a healthy atmosphere, depend on it.

INFORMATION WANTED.—If this should meet the eye of any person acquainted with the family of Mr. John S. White living in Northumberland County, near the towns of Coburg or Grafton, C. W., they will be of service to the family by informing me how a letter may reach Mr. White, as I can give him important information regarding his son Benjamin. Direct to Henry L. Wilson, Baltimore, Md.

HIGH LIFE.

WE recently had an *expose* of how the little joker is manipulated in political high life, the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for those interesting and gratuitous revelations being Mr. Opdyke, ex-Mayor of New York city, and Mr. Weed, high-cockalorem of all the political scribes, pharisees, lobby jobbers, and other jobby jobbers of the Albany Ring. These gentlemen gave us a very clear insight into the workings of the *inner* ring, showing us how very small our big bugs appear when viewed through an unsmoked glass, how they stoop to do little acts of scheming which throw the strategy of our Prize Ring disciples entirely in the shade, and how much it *costs* to buy an office. All these and many more developments were made concerning our rulers and others who want to be our rulers. So much for the political wire walkers and circus performers. And now we have a still more spicy trial going on, which goes to show another phase of life among the king pins. This is what is called a *crim. con.* case, one of those nice little affairs which occasionally get into Court, and afford the respectable newspapers an opportunity to spread the "disgusting details"—as they say of prize fights—before their select and appreciative readers. In the case in question, one of the parties runs off with another man's wife, they go the rounds together, have communicating rooms, and "all those sort of things," at various hotels; visit Indiana, an easy place of easy virtue, and actually get a divorce for the wife, while the husband is attending to his business in New York; they next get married, this nice pair, and actually come to New York to live, and revel in their honeymoon. This was a straw too much—the husband *could* see it, and entered suit against husband No. 2, when the latter urged habitual drunkenness against the original husband, and thus the case stands. Isn't it an awful state of affairs? Verily, Gotham is a mighty city, and full of wickedness in the upper circles, as well as in the lower strata of life.

THE TRIAL OF FREEBY for the murder of Harry Lazarus commenced on the 23d, after sundry fruitless efforts had been made to have it postponed again. The next hitch was in selecting a jury, and at the time we went to press on Monday evening but little headway had been made. A report of the trial will be given next week.

A GAY AND FESTIVE SCENE ON THE ICE.

The Grand Masquerade on the Union Pond, East Brooklyn, on Jan. 18th, 1865,

OVER TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE PRESENT.

THE season for carnivals on ice of the year 1865 will not be marked by any more note-worthy event than that of the fifth of the series of masquerades, or fancy-dress entertainments on ice, which took place on the Union Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., on the 18th of January, the inaugural entertainment of the series having been the great skating event of the winter of 1862. The preparations made to accommodate the immense throng expected were scarcely adequate to the demand made upon the several departments, so great was the rush of visitors on the occasion. How to graphically describe the crowds on the banks overlooking three sides of the Pond we know not. They first began to collect early in the afternoon, despite the "keen and biting air" which prevailed, and which made active exercise an absolute requisite in keeping one's body warm; the assemblage gradually increasing in numbers up to the hour named for the grand pyrotechnic display in the evening, at which time there could not have been less than some eight or ten thousand spectators present. The scene from the Pond when this crowd culminated was a very attractive one, a perfect horizon of faces being presented to the eye from the Pond as the illuminating fires brilliantly lit up the scene to view. In the afternoon, about fifty or sixty individuals, in fancy costumes, "put in an appearance," amidst the crowd of both sexes which thronged the Pond, the prospect from the banks at the time being very novel and picturesque. In fact, the whole scene was one calculated to make a decided impression on the memories of all who witnessed it, it being really a gala day on the ice to all parties concerned. Among those present in costume during the afternoon—that being the best time to visit a pond on carnival days—we especially noticed the following: Mr. Cameron as a contraband Yankee, the character being admirably sustained throughout, as was his companion Dinah Crow, by Mrs. M. F., of Philadelphia, one of those few ladies who know how to fully enter into the spirit and frolicsomeness of an entertainment of this kind, while at the same time they entirely preserve the modesty and decorum of a lady. Mr. David Sutton was admirably disguised as a Court Jester, even his most intimate friends failing to recognize him, and yet a false nose with a beard and pair of spectacles was all the means used to preserve his incognito. In the evening there was a large accession to the list of those in fancy costume and masks, the following being prominent: Mr. T. Cox as Ursa Major; Mr. Bendernagge as a Clown; Mr. Pettengen as a Roman; Mr. Sangler as the Fat Boy; [illegible] Malone as Patrick; Mr. Wheelright as Count Fathom; Mr. Atkin[illegible] as Mr. Robinson as an Arab; Mr. Bing as a Clown; Master Cox as a Prince; Mr. Taylor as Bridget; Mr. Waring as a Spaniard; Mr. Lennox as the Green Gnome; Mr. M. Rogers as John Smith—a capital impersonation; Mr. Wood as Parson Beecher; Mr. Stewart as the Red Gnome; Masters Selden and Skinner in Continental Uniform; Mr. Seabury as a Recruiting Officer; Mr. Keep as a Rebel Officer; Messrs. P. Johnson and Jaques as Champion Skaters; Mr. Castigan as Paddy From Cork; Mr. E. Torney as Don Cæsar De Bazan; Mr. Depew as a Brigand; Mr. Cammeyer as General Hooker; Mr. Spence as a Police Officer; Mr. Douglas as a Hunter; Master Phipps as an Irish Boy; Mr. J. Johnson as Jack in the Box; Mr. Hadfield jun. as a Brigand. In addition to these there were Clowns, Irishmen, Darkies, Hungarians, Chinamen, Indians, Monks, Soldiers, real and imaginary, Sailors, ditto, and in fact, a variety of characters far too numerous to mention individually. Among the ladies present in costume the following were noteworthy for their attractive appearance: Miss M. Torney as Little Nell; the two Miss Cammeyers in neat attire; Miss Waring as a Spanish Lady; Miss W. as a Zingara; Mrs. S. Cox as La Fille Du Regiment; Miss Merritt and Mrs. Bailey as Prize Skaters, the former taking the palm; Mrs. Sutton in a pink Domino; Miss Cannon as Young America; Miss Cammeyer in a dress composed of the National Colors, looked charmingly. The total number of those who passed the entrance way in fancy costume during the day amounted to three hundred and twenty-eight, and as but a few comparatively observed the request of the proprietor, in regard to leaving their names, and that of the character they assumed as they passed in, we are unable to give but a few of them.

Gay, festive and frolicsome as the scene was in the afternoon, it was not until the evening that it really became a carnival on ice, and that a crowded pond became a fixed fact. The great tide of visitors began to flow in about 7 P. M., and from that hour until nine o'clock the entrance way to the pond was a sight to behold. A police force was in attendance under the immediate command of Sergeant Spence, of the 47th Precinct, Superintendent Folk supervising the force. Their services were not in demand, however, beyond what was needed to direct the crowd in entering. President Cammeyer had placed his forces so advantageously, and planned his evening campaign so well, that in spite of the immense rush of the crowd everything worked to a charm. The fact is, on such festive occasions as this carnival, the spirit of fun, frolic and good nature seems to reign supreme. People are knocked down, tripped up, jostled against, and in a variety of ways punished by each other, and yet the knocked down individual rises with a smile, the tripped up party apologizes for being floored, the jostled ones mutually beg each other's pardon at the same moment, and all bear with the ills flesh is heir to on a skating pond with a patient forbearance, which, if carried out in the daily affairs of life, would render our law courts useless, and leave our penitentiaries unoccupied.

The weather in the evening, though very cold, was nevertheless not unfavorable for the sport, the wind which had prevailed during the day having lulled at night; but it was far too cold for all not actively exercising on skates or comfy seated in the warm retiring rooms which, by-the-way, were crowded with the fair sex to an unprecedented extent throughout the evening; in fact—at one time it really appeared as if the whole female portion of the population of the Eastern District had been ordered to report in *propria personæ* to the President of the Union Pond—so great was the rush of crinoline to that particular locality. The preparations made by those in charge of the several departments were excellent.

The pyrotechnic display in the evening—under the charge of Prof. Hadfield—was really a brilliant sight, and a great treat to the thousands on the banks adjoining the pond, who seldom enjoy the gratuitous privilege accorded them on this occasion. The programme included twenty-one different pieces, the feature of which was that representing Fort Fisher and its bombardment, and the piece entitled Success to the Union Pond. Despite the presence of such a great and mixed crowd, not the slightest disturbance marred the harmony of the occasion, so stringent are the rules of the Union Pond and so rigidly are they enforced. To conclude—we have to state that in every respect was the whole affair the most brilliant success of the kind known in the annals of skating in this country.

Conspicuous in the crowd on the pond was the noted Charley Sawyer, "dressed within an inch of his life," as Dickens says, for Charley has the "rocks" in his possession, and can cut a dash when he likes. We cannot, with any regard to truth, call Charley a first class skater; in fact, he is quite the reverse. His little boy, when he saw his father venture on the pond, on skates, exclaimed, "Who will care for Father now?" A very appropriate interpolation of his parent's well known song, under the circumstances.

THE RING AMONG THE CELESTIALS.—A correspondent, Fred C., writing from Hongque, Shanghai, China, says that the best prize fight fought there according to the rules of the British P. R., was between Tah-kee-'s-sing-mu-kae-po-shang and Sha-kia-ta-kin-shoong sui-poop-sing, both light weights, as well known throughout Ching Yang's dominions as Patsy Marley was at home. Tah and Sha both went into a regular course of training by half starving themselves and shaving off their pig tails. They are said to have been game to the end of their toe nails, and fought for over three minutes and a half, when Sha resigned the contest and Tah was handed the stakes (2 bowls of rice and a bran new pair of wooden chop sticks).

BILLY MULLIGAN ARRESTED FOR ALLEGED BURGLARY.—From all accounts Billy hasn't been over lucky since he struck Californee—what with duels, arrests, etc., they are determined that he shall have no rest. The "latest intelligence" from that region reports Mulligan as looking very "seedy" in his general appearance, as also a statement that he had been arrested on a charge of burglary, but as it was proved that he was not on that lay, whatever else he may be guilty of, the judge discharged him instanter.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE WORMALD BEATS ANDREW MARSDEN

FOR £400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT,

In 19 rounds, 37 minutes,

ON THE 4TH OF JANUARY, 1865.

THE first prize fight of the year 1865 has been fought, and we are enabled to lay before our readers the promised result, although not in detail, owing to police interference and a necessary postponement of the battle between Joe Wormald and Andrew Marsden, for £200 a side and the Championship of England. The *Sporting Life* of the 4th inst. devotes three columns and a half to an account of the fight that didn't come off until after their edition was printed, by way of preliminary to the rounds which were to have followed, but as nine-tenths of it is strung out to fill up space and amounts to nothing at all, after pruning and weeding it of its slurs at Coburn and snobbish toadying to another party, we give all that will prove of interest to American readers.

The attempt to bring the affair to a conclusion on the 3d inst., proved a failure. Unable to secure a special train, the promoters of the fight were compelled to venture upon a journey by the morning "paper train" from Euston square to Marston Gate, a retired station near Aylesbury. Here the ring was formed, but the police interfered, and a move was made for a fresh spot near Leighton Buzzard, but the authorities were determined that the battle should not take place, and pursuing the "warlike party," the interesting "mill" was at length abandoned for that day at least.

No incident worth noticing occurred before starting, except a row in which Bill Gilham, of Brighton, and Joe Goss, of Northampton, were concerned. A previous dispute had arisen between them on the occasion of an attempted match on the part of Gilham to back a man at 11st 4lb to fight Goss. The deposit of one was alleged to be improperly appropriated by the other, and the quarrel was enhanced by some very pretty angry words at Nat Langham's the previous evening. The result of all this was that Gilham suddenly struck Goss a heavy blow on the mouth while the Midland Counties man was standing unprepared with his hands in his coat. This unprovoked attack excited the indignation of all present, and many of Goss's own friends suggested the propriety of instant retaliation. Goss, however, very wisely abstained, making use of the remark that it would be an injudicious course to take any further notice of it, and that some other time and place must be selected to resent the injury, and that it would come sooner or later.

Arriving at Marston Gate, the services of the officials of the P. B. A. were immediately called into requisition, and the Commissary, assisted by "Puggy" White, first formed an extensive outerring, sufficient to afford accommodation to all present. The inner-ring tickets were then disposed of, the seats all taken up at the usual tariff, and the whips distributed by the Inspector of the P. B. A. to the seven ring-keepers appointed, who, it may be mentioned, were—Jack Rooke (who is matched against Kelly, for £100 a side), George Crockett, Job Cobley, Fred Dickenson, Jem Gollagher, Hartley, and Dan Collins. While the 24 ft. square was being arranged, the belligerents held their levees in opposite directions, both sides reckoning the chances with equal eagerness. Every preparation having been completed, Wormald advanced towards the ropes, enveloped in a leopard-skin wrapper, and quietly threw in his cap at eighteen minutes past nine o'clock. The manner in which he was greeted must have convinced every one that he had a host of friends in the east, who viewed the matter of his victory as a foregone conclusion, and this feeling became so prevalent that odds of 5 to 4 were offered on him. Marsden's advent into the ring quickly followed, and the ovation in his favor was likewise remarkably hearty. The seconds followed their principals.

The attendants, elected from the first seconds of the day, now commenced the toilets of the men, and eager hopes and aspirations arose that there would really be a fight for the much-coveted belt. Scarcely had the valets commenced their duties when a train from the direction of Aylesbury was sighted, and a posse of the local constabulary were seen to alight. As they leisurely advanced towards the ring, their unwelcome presence cast a complete damp on the anticipations of all present. As a matter of course, further preparations were suspended, and all anxiously waited to hear what these officials had to say. Their leader represented that the assemblage was about to commit an illegal act, and it was therefore incumbent upon him and his men to prevent the same. A well-known sporting "bung" of Birmingham generously took up the cudgel, and firmly denounced the attempt to stop the fight, alleging that they did not belong to the county, and necessarily had neither business nor right to interfere. The authorities did not under those circumstances attempt to enter the ring, but quietly stated that they would be compelled to make a full report of the affair, and the men would be then fighting at their peril. This was a blow that no one expected, and a consultation was then held as to what measures could be judiciously taken in order to avoid further interruption. Perceiving that those intent upon sport appeared still to linger on the ground, one of the Buckinghamshire police started off to Tring, and the result of his mission was that a trap, containing three men belonging to the Herts division—an inspector and two constables—arrived on the ground, and forbade all further proceedings. A tramp of four dreary miles had then to be made to reach Cheddington Junction, where all took fresh tickets for Leighton-Buzzard, but the police again loomed in the distance; and this time they peremptorily ordered the whole pugilistic fraternity out of their district. "Rather than you should fight," added they, "we will follow you another twenty miles." This was a clincher, and every one rushed to the trains and left for the metropolis.

The City of Baltimore, which left Liverpool at noon on the 4th and Queenstown on the 5th inst., and arrived here on the 20th, brings the news of the fight having been fought and won by Wormald, which we herewith append:

WORMALD WINS THE BATTLE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

The prize fight for the English Championship between Wormald and Marsden, which was to have come off on the 3d inst., was prevented by the police.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 5, 1865.

The prize fight for the Championship, between Wormald and Marsden, resulted in the victory of Wormald.

[*From the Cork Reporter, Jan. 5th.*]

After the twelfth round Marsden was fearfully distressed, but he boldly faced his opponent and was fearfully punished in the thirteenth.

In the fourteenth he was struck down like an ox.

Four times more he faced his opponent, only to be struck heavily down again, and just as he was coming up for the nineteenth round the sponge was thrown up by one of his seconds, and Wormald was hailed the winner after contesting for thirty-seven minutes.

Marsden was severely beaten, and for some time after the ring was cleared he remained in his corner in an almost fainting condition, having his face and temples bathed with water.

Wormald, on the other hand, walked away apparently unhurt; a slight swollen black eye being the only mark on his face. At the commencement of the fight the odds were six to four on Marsden. [Full details will be given in next week's CLIPPER].

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST RACING SEASON.

THE HOBOKEN AND LEXINGTON FALL MEETINGS.

THE first race meeting of the Hudson County Association was inaugurated on their newly constructed race course at Hoboken, on Tuesday, Sept. 27th, and notwithstanding the disadvantages of unfavorable weather and limited fields of horses, proved highly successful. The Association had only been established about twelve months, but in that short space of time a race course had been laid out and constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and experienced turfmen had pronounced it the fastest track in America. Composed of the wealthiest and most influential gentlemen of the County, the Society were indefatigable in their exertions and regardless of expense in the successful carrying out of their liberal programme of sport. The proximity of this race course to a great city like New York, with its vast population, will always ensure an immense amount of patronage, provided the same liberal management and evident desire to consult the convenience and comfort of the public which characterized the Paterson and Saratoga Meetings are adopted. The Course itself is oval, or rather pear-shaped, enclosed by a strong lofty fence, except on the side next the Hackensack river, and possesses a judges' and extensive grand stand, with every accommodation in way of offices, &c., for the transaction of business. In close proximity is a large and magnificent hotel, together with extensive stabling, sheds, etc., for the accommodation of the trainers and their horses.

The opening day (Tuesday) was delightfully fine and favorable—the weather smiling auspiciously on the meeting. The Erie R. R. ran special trains at low fares from New York, while residents of the country seemed, from their large attendance, to take special interest in the success of their new race course. The first event of the meeting was a mile dash for three-year olds, for which three of the seven entries started; Lexicon, Dr. Underwood, Lurline and Charlotte P. being the absentees, and Eagle, with Mr. Morris' gr. c. and b. f. by Eclipse, being the starters. Lexicon was reserved for the three-mile race; Lurline was penalised for winning at Paterson, and consequently did not put in an appearance; and Dr. Underwood, having only just arrived from Canada, being so much out of form that his trainer thought it useless to start him. In consequence of Eagle having to carry 7lbs. penalty for his Paterson victory, Mr. Morris' entry was made the favorite in the betting by the knowing ones, and the result showed the correctness of their judgment, as the extra weight told on Eagle, and the gray colt won cleverly by three lengths in 1:48¾. The second race was the Ferry Stakes for horses of all ages, three-mile heats, and was run for by Lexicon and Fleetwing; Patti, not having recovered from her Paterson fatigues, being withdrawn. A magnificent race in the first heat resulted in favor of Fleetwing by half a length only in 5:45.

In the second heat another finely contested race was witnessed, Fleetwing again winning in 5:42, being three seconds quicker than the preceding heat. A mile heat race concluded the first day's sport, and was contested by Ben Bruce, Velos, Slasher c, and a filly of unknown pedigree. Ben Bruce was made the favorite at long odds, but in this case the cognoscenti were at fault, for the Slasher colt cut him down without an effort in both heats in 1.47¾, 1.51.

In consequence of an important trotting race occurring on the ensuing day on the Fashion Course, the second day's proceedings were adjourned until the day after; a precedent which, we trust, will not be followed hereafter. The patrons of legitimate racing are of an entirely different class to the patrons of trotting; the habitues of the Long Island tracks being rarely seen on the race course. In this particular case, the adjournment operated adversely to the success of the meeting, for unfavorable weather set in, rendering repeated postponements necessary, and creating a great amount of disappointments alike to the race-going public and the owners, and trainers of the horses engaged in the various stakes. It was not until Thursday, Oct. 6th, that the meeting was recommenced, with a mile and quarter dash race for all ages, and which was won by Mr. Morris's b. f. by Eclipse, dam Kate, beating Ben Bruce (second), and Mr. Morris' gr. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Ward jr., in 2.22. The two mile heat Post Stake produced one of the closest and most exciting races ever witnessed between Eagle and Lexicon. Lexicon won the first heat in 3.53, and Eagle the two next in 3.56¾, 4.03¾. In the third heat, the struggle between the two was tremendous, both horses for upwards of a mile being locked together, and both swerving from distress all the way up the homestretch; the superior gameness solely of Eagle enabling him to pull through. Patti and Punch also started, but both were distanced; the latter in the first heat and the former in the second. Patti was so distressed by the running in this race that she died shortly afterwards. She belonged to Mr. Denis Reedy, of Montreal, who had purchased her after winning a Selling Race at Saratoga for $650. The mile heat handicap race on the same day was won by Ben Bruce, carrying 90 lbs., beating Zigzag (second) 90 lbs; Throgsneck (third), 115 lbs.; Velos (fourth), 88 lbs., and American Eagle (dist.), 90 lbs.

The third day of this meeting commenced with a three quarter mile dash for all ages, Mr. Morris's gr. c. by Eclipse, winning in 1:20¾, and beating Gentle Annie, Oriflamme, Lurline, Garibaldi and Lady Dan. A mile heat race for all ages was won by Ben Bruce, beating Velos without an effort, in 1:39, 2:00¼. The four mile heat stake was walked over for by Fleetwing, and the meeting concluded with a mile heat race, which was won by Lurline in 1:34¼, 1:35¾, beating Gentle Annie, Dr. Rojers' entry, an Pineus' b. c.; the two latter distanced in the second heat. The meeting, on the whole,

the conditions of the championship, had deposited $250 forfeit with the customary stakeholder.

THE SCORE.

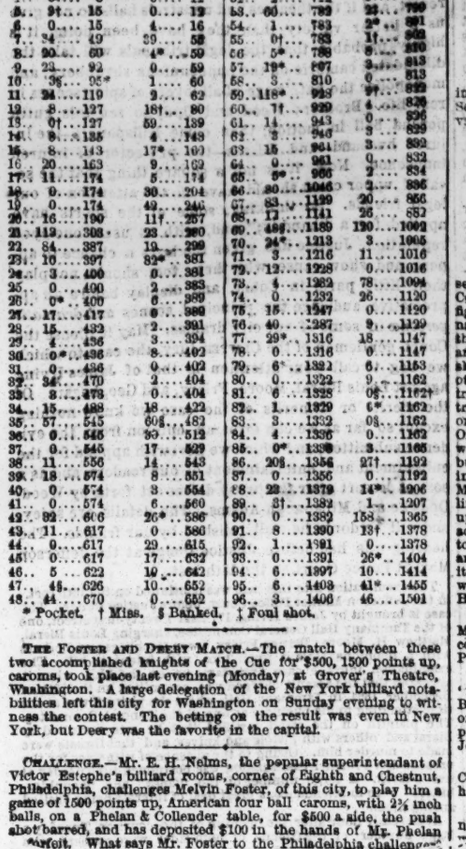
GOLDTHWAIT.			KAVANAGH.			GOLDTHWAIT.			KAVANAGH.		
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*		*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	
1	2	2	0	0		49	45	718	142†	794	
2	3	5	0	5		50	51	718	3	797	
3	1	6	7*	12		51	2	720	6*	797	
4	0	6	0	12		52	2	722	0	797	
5	9†	15	0	12		53	66	788	2*	891	
6	0	15	4	16		54	1	789	2*	893	
7	34	49	29	45		55	01	790	11*	893	
8	90	60	4*	59		56	5*	795	8	810	
9	29	92	0	59		57	19*	807	3	813	
10	36	95*	1	60		58	3	810	0	813	
11	24	119	9	69		59	119*	929	9†	822	
12	8	127	18†	80		60	11	929	4	826	
13	01	127	59	139		61	14	943	0	826	
14	8	135	4	143		62	3	946	3	829	
15	8	143	17*	160		63	15	961	3	832	
16	20	163	9	169		64	0	961	0	832	
17	11	174	5	174		65	5*	966	2	834	
18	0	174	30	204		66	80	1046	2	836	
19	0	174	42	246		67	83	1129	20	856	
20	16	190	11†	257		68	12	1141	26	882	
21	112	308	23	280		69	48‡	1189	120	1002	
22	84	387	19	299		70	24*	1213	3	1005	
23	10	397	82*	381		71	3	1216	11	1016	
24	3	400	0	381		72	12	1228	0	1016	
25	0	400	2	383		73	4	1232	78	1094	
26	0*	400	6	389		74	0	1232	26	1120	
27	17	417	0	389		75	15	1247	0	1120	
28	15	432	2	391		76	40	1287	9	1129	
29	4	436	3	394		77	29*	1316	18	1147	
30	0*	436	8	402		78	0	1316	0	1147	
31	0	436	0	402		79	6*	1322	6	1153	
32	34	470	2	404		80	0	1322	9	1162	
33	3	473	0	404		81	6	1328	0‡	1162†	
34	15	488	18	422		82	1	1329	0*	1162	
35	57	545	60‡	482		83	3	1332	0‡	1162	
36	0	545	30	512		84	4	1336	0	1162	
37	0	545	17	529		85	0*	1336	3	1165	
38	11	556	14	543		86	20‡	1356	27†	1192	
39	18	574	8	551		87	0	1356	0	1192	
40	0	574	3	554		88	23	1379	14*	1206	
41	0	574	6	560		89	3†	1382	1	1207	
42	82	656	26*	586		90	0	1382	158	1365	
43	11	617	0	586		91	8	1390	13†	1378	
44	0	617	29	615		92	1	1391	0	1378	
45	0	617	17	632		93	0	1391	26*	1404	
46	5	622	10	642		94	6	1397	10	1414	
47	44	626	10	652		95	6	1403	41*	1455	
48	44	670	0	652		96	3	1406	46	1501	

* Pocket. † Miss. ‡ Banked. ‖ Foul shot.

THE FOSTER AND DEERY MATCH.—The match between these two accomplished knights of the Cue for $500, 1500 points up, caroms, took place last evening (Monday) at Grover's Theatre, Washington. A large delegation of the New York billiard notabilities left this city for Washington on Sunday evening to witness the contest. The betting on the result was even in New York, but Deery was the favorite in the capital.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. E. H. Nelms, the popular superintendant of Victor Estephe's billiard rooms, corner of Eighth and Chestnut, Philadelphia, challenges Melvin Foster, of this city, to play him a game of 1500 points up, American four ball caroms, with 2½ inch balls, on a Phelan & Collender table, for $500 a side, the push shot barred, and has deposited $100 in the hands of Mr. Phelan as ... forfeit. What says Mr. Foster to the Philadelphia challenge?

THE RING.



and all the Champions,

USE

KEHOE'S CLUBS,

FOR

STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair.
Clubs 10 to 12 lbs..$6 to $7 per pair.

Orders addressed to
S. D. KEHOE,
Box 4910, Post Office,
New York,
will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York City must be accompanied by the money. 42-tf

THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
52 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS
has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!—OLD
BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVES'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
225 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. 18-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
124 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening. Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 41-

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON.
FENTON & DOLE.....Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35 6m] A. S. DOLE.

The California Exchange,
NO. 423 BROOME STREET, near Broadway,
JOHNNY LAZARUS.....Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday and Monday Evenings free, commencing at 8 P. M., under the superintendance of JOHNNY LAZARUS and BARRY, THE KID.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION at all hours of the Day and Evening. Gloves furnished by the proprietor, free of charge.
13 OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

Come and see the Smallest Dogs in the WORLD—Together with a fine collection of Japanese Rats, all colors, naturally tame, and a number of the Canine Race; also, a fine Pisture Gallery. These dogs are kept for stock, and can be seen at FLETCHER'S Hotel, N. W. corner of Thirteenth and Girard Avenue. Rats always on hand and good accommodation for dogs.
☞ Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

Charley Grovesteen's Champion
MUSIC HALL, CONCERT SALOON, AND
GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES,
No. 654 BROADWAY, between Bleecker and Bond sts.,
Beautiful and fascinating Lady Waiters. Unsurpassed Shooting Gallery. Prof. Dorge, Supt. Grand Orchestral Music, with Selections from the Favorite Operas. Superior Viands and Havanas of the Finest Brands. Admission free. [40-3m*
CHARLES GROVESTEEN. MISS KATE STANTON.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
186 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

THE IRVING ASSAULT CASE.

THE attention of the reading public has been called off and on several times within the last few weeks to a case in the Police Courts where Jim Irving, a noted politician and sporting man figured as plaintiff, and three equally conspicuous characters named Lewy Beirel, Rockey Moore, and Owney Geoghegan as the defendants. From what we can learn it appears that Beirel and Geoghegan had been Irving's right and left bowers until a short time previous to the late charter election, but "fell out," as others have done before them. We then find Geoghegan in trouble up in his own ward, arrested on a charge of "riot," and transferred from his own little mint, "strange places for to see," or sent on, what Billy Donohue would call a "pic-nic," for a time. On the release of Owney, or soon afterwards, Flory Scammell was charged with shooting at and severely injuring Jim Irving, but we never heard how the case ended, but it seems that he was in for it, for the next thing that turns up Irving charges Beirel, Moore and Geoghegan with assaulting him and threatening his life in the bar-room of Tammany Hall. The case was first called up over two weeks ago, and postponed till the 18th inst., a full account of which appears elsewhere, but as it does does not refer to the great friendship formerly existing between the plaintiff and defendants (except Rockey Moore), thinking that every little item just about this time might prove particularly interesting, we have unearthed all that is generally known about the case. How it will end is a tale not yet unfolded.

TIM DONOVAN, of St. Louis, was in town last week, the guest of Mike Trainer, of "auburn hair" renown, and, as a matter of course, put up at the Saddle Rock Restaurant, on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, where Mike hangs out his shingle.

WENT THROUGH HIM.—On the 18th inst. Andy Sheehan was "relieved" of a $500 bill, while at a saloon in the upper part of Broadway. Andy hung up his coat containing over $2,000 in one of the pockets, and while he was in an adjoining room a "cullered pusson," named Johnson, "abstracted" the bill from his pocket. Johnson was committed.

STARTED A NEW RANCHE.—Bill Ladd, ex-foreman of 38 Engine Company, Old Southwark, has turned up in San Francisco, where he is keeping a drinking saloon, and doing well.

WHAT HARRY JENNINGS HAS CONCLUDED TO DO.—The great canine fancier, who is located at 32 Portland street, Boston, after advertising for seven or eight weeks, is now ready to negotiate for any of the following matches: "A slut, 11 lbs., for $100 a side; a 22 lb. dog for $100 a side; a 23 lb. dog for $200 or $300 a side; a 24½ or 25 lb. dog for $500 a side; a 26¼ lb. dog for $1000 to $5000; a 28½ or 29 lb. dog for $200 a side; and a 34 or 36 lb. dog for $500 or $1000 a side. Any of the above matches to take place in five or six weeks, give or take expenses." Harry, it will thus be seen, does not let money be any draw-back whatever, as he has offers to back dogs for from $100 to $5000! Dog fighting must be looking up.

MORE LUCK.—The presiding genius of the Nautilus Branch, Tommy Burns, won a stylish cutter on the 21st inst., at a raffle at Sandy Spencer's, and just as soon as St. Nautilus (the god of water) makes way for Old Zero, Thomas will a sleighing go, out in his bran new sleigh. It isn't safe to bet against Burns any more, for he is now with the tide and means to keep so. Ol kerect.

MIKE NUNAN, the promising young light-weight of Brooklyn, is going to Philadelphia to assist at the Jim Dunn Boxing Tournament, and it is probable that Mike will give an exhibition there before he returns.

HEAVY PAPERS.—Nick Langdon, a sporting celebrity, pretty well known all over the Union, was last week "mulcted" to the tune of $5,000, for an alleged assault on the Superintendent of the Home of the Friendless. At that rate people wouldn't mind taking a "smack in the smoot," when they often get it for nothing.

ANOTHER RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—Pete Dailey, who fought Johnny Lazarus, has turned up unexpectedly and unheralded among the boys of the Empire City, having left Frisco by the first boat at very short notice. Pete blames Mulligan for double-dealing, by having got him into a scrape and then turning States evidence against him. The nature of the difficulty is beyond our ken, so we can't say anything further, except that Dailey intends to give an exhibition here very soon, to get on his pins again.

SICK.—Billy Miner is lying very low with rheumatism at his residence. Miner is one of our biggest politicians and sporting men, and the news of his illness to those not already aware of it will be unwelcome, indeed.

NOBLE DEEDS.—We must say that when a young fellow bears a good reputation in his wild days, he is not always forgotten when sickness makes his face an absent one in his old familiar haunts. This thought occurred to us while at the ball given at the City Assembly Rooms on the 20th, for the benefit of Jimmy King, of Hose Co. No. 28, who has been laid up with the rheumatism nearly all the winter, as the ball room was crowded by a company of nature's noblemen and their bosom partners. On behalf of Jimmy, Geo. McKay tenders his thanks to his friends.

THE TWO FIGHTING JOES—SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is strange, but nevertheless true, that up to the present time there never has been a champion of England by the name of Joe, until Joe Wormald, by his overwhelming defeat of Andrew Marsden, has now placed the name of Joseph high on the ladder of fame, and it will take a good man to rub it out. The same peculiarity exists in regard to the American championship—there never was a Joe champion until Joe Coburn, and to have two Joes champions, respectively of England and America, at one and the same time, is something remarkable and worth recording.

BETTING ON THE LATE FIGHT.—Our evergreen friend, Toppy Maguire, is one of the best of judges of pugilistics, both foreign and domestic, and has never, to our knowledge, come out the wrong end of the horn in betting on prize fights. In the late "go" between Wormald and Marsden, Toppy has turned out right side up with care, having won "quite some" on Master Joe, and that, too, while investing his stamps against the opinions of such downy ones as Jim Heenan, Joe Coburn, Jim Cusick and others who had seen and taken stock of both men, whereas Mark never saw either. He has also headed off "Tom Quick," who some time ago said it would be a walk over for Marsden. After this who shall say that Maguire isn't the veritable Sage of Bloomingdale?

BILL DAVIS IN A TURN-UP.—A story reaches us from Philadelphia, to the effect that Wm. M. Davis, of California, at present matched with Jim Dunn, had had a job put up against him by a noted character of Old Filly, either to have him licked or to see what sort of stuff he was made of. According to report, a celebrated rough-and-tumble fighter, as big as they make 'em, was put to take the tickets at the door of a ball-room just about the time Davis was expected along with some friends. A *ruse* was resorted to, to detain the Californian at the door while his friends preceded him. When William "went for to go in," Rough-and-Tumble remonstrated and called him out of his name, and, when he remonstrated, the other fellow hauled off and smashed him in the nose. "Such conduct as those" Davis would stand from no mortal man, so he off coat, and the two went at it, catch as catch can, right in the ball-room, and the quiet-looking boxer used up the rough so good and quick that he was glad to cry a go. Moral: Don't judge a man by the cut of his clothing.

DOG DISPUTE IN ILLINOIS.—An affair of this kind took place in Ramsey, Illinois, on New Year's eve, between Jeffers James' dog Turk and W. Harris's dog Rover, for $50 a side. The contest lasted one hour, when James' dog proved the winner, killing Harris' dog in the pit. The fight caused quite an excitement among the Ramsey sports. John Anderson was stakeholder and referee.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS ADDIE ANDERSON.

THIS lady was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 28th, 1844. When John E. Owens leased the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, he engaged Miss Anderson for the business of Walking Ladies, and she there made her first appearance on any stage in Nov. 1860, as Miss Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer." She was favorably received, and continued there the entire season, playing in her time many parts. From New Orleans she proceeded to the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, with Kunkel and Moxley, where she was engaged for the Walking Ladies. The first character she assumed in that city was May Fielding, in "Dot." At the close of the season she was secured by John T. Ford, of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. During the season she appeared in several pieces which gained for her quite a reputation as a reliable actress. The next season she was engaged by Leonard Grover for his Washington Theatre, where she became a favorite with the audience. This was during the winter season of 1863. During the engagement of R. E. J. Miles at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Miss Anderson volunteered for his benefit, and appeared for the first time as Mazeppa. This was Nov. 6th, 1863. She rode one of Mr. Miles' horses, and showed an intrepid daring which is quite rare in a first appearance. She was greeted with loud and frequent applause, and the impression she made was a remarkably favorable one. She was then secured by Manager Glenn, of the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, for a six nights' star engagement, and appeared as Mazeppa. She opened to one of the largest audiences seen in that building, and throughout the week achieved a grand success. She then proceeded West with Mr. Miles, and in conjunction with him played a one week's star engagement at Fuller's Louisville Theatre. Returning to Norfolk, she fulfilled a two weeks engagement with Manager Glenn. During her stay there she appeared in "Mazeppa," and also studied and played the "Outlaw Steed," "Margaret Catchpole," "Putnam," &c., in each of which she acquitted herself very creditably. On the 11th of January, 1864, she opened as "Mazeppa" at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and is said to have excited the widest applause by her bold and dashing impersonation. From Boston she went to Springfield, Mass., thence to Louisville for a second engagement. While there she played in "Mazeppa" and in "Herne the Hunter." Commenced a brief engagement Nov. 7th, 1864, at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., and left there about three weeks ago. During her sojourn in Troy she appeared as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," Ophelia in "Hamlet," and other prominent characters. Miss Anderson is at present in this city busily engaged preparing for a starring tour through the United States in conjunction with Mr. H. B. Gates and his trained mare Black Bess, and will probably commence a brief engagement at the New Bowery Theatre with "Mazeppa." Miss Anderson is young, pretty, with a finely developed figure—which, by the way, she displays to the fullest advantage—and a piquant air that may make her a favorite wherever she appears. As Mazeppa she is represented as being excellent; as an equestrienne, dashing, fearless and intrepid, and manages her steed with the ease and nerve of a life-long reinsman. She is admirably suited for the range of characters she has made her specialty, and will no doubt make her mark in the career in which she has embarked. Displaying, as she does, ability of a high order, with an earnest desire to please, we wish her every success.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A DISPUTED MATCH.—A correspondent at Germantown, Pa., sends us the following particulars of a pigeon shooting match which took place there recently, and asks us to decide upon the two points at issue. As the matter may be of interest to the lovers of this sport, we give the letter in full:

GERMANTOWN, Pa., Jan. 19th, 1865.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER:—Please decide the following dispute: A and B agree to shoot a match at 15 birds each for $200 a side. Articles were drawn up and signed, and a day appointed, when both parties met at the designated place. Each selected a judge, and shooting commenced. When they had shot at 8 birds a piece their score of dead birds was equal. A now wanted B to stop shooting for that day, as they had seven birds each to shoot at, and it was raining very hard, and getting quite dark. B objected, and declared he would shoot the match out that day, and if A left the ground he would claim the stakes. Accordingly they recommenced and shot at two more birds each. B missing both and A killing one. It was now quite dark, and B, who was one bird behind, seeing the chances were in A's favor, wanted A to stop shooting. A refused on the ground that it was B's own proposition to shoot the match out that day. B now borrowed A's ramrod to draw the charge, and when A asked for it back to load his gun B told him he had given it to some outsider to hold. A wished to borrow B's gun to shoot out the match, but the latter refused to lend it, and the match was broken up for that day. A wanted B to appoint another day to shoot off the match, and named several different days, but B refused to agree to any of them, and declares he will not shoot off the match unless another bird in place of the last that was trapped for him is allowed him, declaring that he did not see the bird fly. The questions we wish you to decide is, 1st. Can B claim another bird. 2d. Can A claim the money? Yours truly, W. OSBORN.

[There can be no difficulty in deciding the above points. 1st. B cannot claim another bird—2d. A is entitled to the money if B refuses to shoot out the match. The subterfuge of B is a mean and paltry one.—ED. CLIP.]

THE TRAP IN IOWA.—About six weeks ago the Pella Shooting Club challenged the Keokuk Shooting Club, and the match came off on the 17th. Pella is 120 miles from Keokuk on the Desmoines R. R. The following is the score:

KEOKUK CLUB.			
Henry Tebelman	11101121—6	John Dollery	10000011—3
John Stannus	10110010—4	P. P. Royce	10111110—6
Wm. Stannus	11110111—7		
T. Bowden	00110101—4	Total	30
PELLA CLUB.			
Jo. Harvey	11101110—6	Ed. Griswold	10111001—5
Dan McMichaels	01010000—2	A. Penroy	10100000—2
H. S. Hall	11001010—4		
J. M. Huiskamp	01000111—3	Total	22

SPORTS ABROAD.

SCULLING MATCH BETWEEN GEORGE DREWITT AND JOHN MACKINNEY FOR £100.—The match entered into on November 17th last, between the above-named aquatic celebrities, was originally fixed to come off on Tuesday, Dec. 27th; but, by mutual consent, was deferred until Wednesday, Dec. 28th, in consequence of the affair clashing with the second day named for Ealing Steeple Chases. The agreement was to row in the best or most convenient boats they could find, a condition which it need hardly be said caused very little trouble to the aspirants. The Chiswick Harold was the umpire's boat, the Citizen L being also chartered for the benefit of the competitors. Drewitt is a landsman, and has rowed many races since the commencement of his career in 1857. Mackinney is a waterman, but has never figured much as a sculler, although he has been the recognised champion in several first-class encounters. George Drewitt is twenty-nine years of age, and his opponent thirty-seven. Drewitt trained at Mr. Wilcox's, Barnes, where he derived considerable assistance in his practice with Tom King. Mackinney hailed from Mr. Salter's, Wandsworth, having been under the tuition of George Hammerton. Betting in town was even. Mr. Herbert Playford, of the London Rowing Club, officiated as referee. Jockey Driver took up Drewitt, whilst John Phelps acted as Mackinney's pilot. The betting changed near the start, for £30 to £40 was freely laid on Drewitt, who weighed about 10st. 8lb., while Mackinney pulled down 11st. 10lb. The latter having won the toss, took the Middlesex shore, and the start was effected a few minutes after two o'clock, there being very little tide running. George rowed in the boat in which Frank Kisby beat Biffen—the other in one of Messenger's craft. Mr. Willcox acted as umpire for Drewitt, but he lost the toss, remarking that he had never won a toss for station in his life. George Hammerton officiated for his pupil, whose color was a white and red border. The opposition colors were a mazarine ground with a neat white sprig. The signal having been at length given, the men pulled away from the Aqueduct Bridge, Mackinney with a decided advantage in the start, but Drewitt soon got his boat in front, and was as nearly as possible half a boat's length ahead, his style of rowing being unmistakably the better of the two. The veteran rowed pluckily, but he never was enabled to bring himself level with his opponent. He strained every nerve to become so at the Willows, but again it was a failure. At the Crab Tree, George led by four clear lengths; they then crossed over by the Soapworks, and Drewitt's advantage was materially increased; in fact, at Barnes Bridge he was leading by half a dozen lengths, and eventually won easily by five lengths. The time taken at the first bridge was 10 min. 9 sec, and the winner did the distance in 26 min. 10 sec.

A SET OF SOCKERS.—The visit of the English Eleven cricketers to Australia cost somebody something, and liquoring up was no small item in the bill of expenses, as will be seen by perusing the following statements brought out in a recent suit at law, in which John Jacob was plaintiff, and James Leigh defendant. The nominal damages laid in the declaration was £400. The total amount of plaintiff's claim was £266 10s. 6d. The defendant pleaded that, except as to £150 0s. 6d., which he now paid into court, he was never indebted, and that he had tendered this sum before the action was brought. The real dispute was about a sum of £56 10s. for drinks supplied to "the Eleven" at luncheon and at the bar.

It was proved that the drink had been supplied, and that the charges were reasonable. It was even sworn that there had rather been an omission to charge, than any overcharges. The English cricketers, it was sworn, were very often "treated," but seldom treated any one in return. When they did so, they paid. Nothing, therefore, was charged for but what the English cricketers had themselves drunk. But some of the drinks were of an expensive character, such as soda-water and claret or soda-water and brandy, in the morning, and champagne, claret, hock, etc., during the day. The inclemency of the weather and the consequent detention, indoors, of the cricketers, were assigned as reasons why more had probably been drunk than would have been drunk if the weather had been fine and the match had gone on without break. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed—£56 10s.

From the above we should infer that the English cricketers are a clean set, since they treated no one; that they can't drink anything, oh no! and that their quaffing proclivities were all owing to the weather.

JEM WARD'S DEFINITION OF THE COUNTER HIT.—"Two gentlemen in Dublin argued this point and 'agreed to differ,' referring the matter to the famed ex-Champion, Jem Ward, who decided as follows:—A counter-hit is when two men strike at the same time, or in ring *parlance*, 'land' simultaneously. Near forty years ago I saw Dan Donnelly and Tom Oliver fight, both *countered* at the same moment, hit each other at the same moment, and knocked each other down, and they fell seven yards apart from the effects of each other's blow. That is the definition of a counter-hit. The veteran Jem then invites his old acquaintances, and says he will be ever ready to give a friendly practical illustration of the true counter-hit if they give him a call at the Opera Stores in Bow-street. Good for Uncle James.

JUDD AND TAYLOR, FOR £30.—These Hunslet men met at an early hour on Monday, Dec. 19, to decide their fistic abilities, for £15 a side. The affair came off without interruption near Swinton Station, on the Midland Railway. The lads fought a most determined battle, in the course of which the tide of events changed several times. Ultimately, at the termination of 1 hour and 14 minutes, during which sixty rounds were fought, Judd was declared the winner. Both men were severely punished, but he was in such splendid condition that he was enabled to outlast his opponent, despite his scientific visitations.

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For any article wanted. Orders promptly attended to, and goods sent to any part of the country by return mail or express.
P. S.—Parties in the army must send money with order, as Express Companies will not take goods or packages on which the charges are not pre-paid, or goods to collect on delivery.
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P. S.—Parties in the army must send money with order, as Express Companies will not take goods or packages on which the charges are not pre-paid, or goods to collect on delivery.
Address all orders for anything you may need to me, and rely on honorable dealing and prompt attention.
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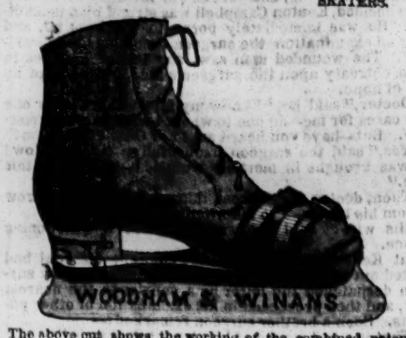
THE "LATEST KINKS." WOODHAM & WINAN'S PATENTS COMBINED FOR THE USE OF SKATERS.



The above cut shows the working of the combined patents, the fastening in the heel dispenses with the use of a strap over the instep when a laced shoe is used, and the shield on the foot sustains the pressure from the toe strap; leaves the foot entirely free, and allows the blood free circulation, affords warmth and comfort, and at the same time binds the skate more firmly than any known invention.

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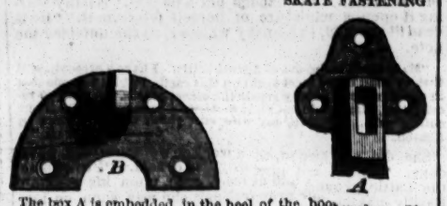

The box A is embedded in the heel of the boot or shoe. The Plate B, with the "nut," is attached to the heel of the skate. The "nut" fastening into the box A, forces the toe of the small hole at the back of the heel, which makes the best heel fastening yet invented.

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The shield A fits in the chime of the boot or shoe, resting on the edge of the sole; the clamps B and E fitting on the outer edge; the strap passes over the shield, making it secure, without the slightest pressure on the foot, stamping it the

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...st let him know that an old friend of his wants to see him, he'll come all right."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865

To Correspondents.

J. B. H., Washington, D. C.—"If A bets that the City Hall, N. Y., was burnt on the occasion of the celebration of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, does he win or lose? The other party content that it was burnt the night the Queen's message came through." .....The City Hall was burnt late on the night of Tuesday, Aug. 17th, 1858, or early on the morning of Wednesday, Aug. 18th, on the occasion of the celebration of the reception of the Queen's message over the Atlantic Telegraph. The regular formal celebration of the successful laying of the Atlantic telegraph toook place on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1858.

W. H. R., Paterson, N. J.—There were four M'Kay's—Angus, Ned, two Alecs, and another; presuming you mean one of the Alecs, we give the performances of both:—Alec the first beat Paul Spencer, 25r., Oct. 16, 1828; beat Spencer over again, 36m. 34r; beaten by Simon Byrne, 47m. 5r, 1827; ditto, 53m. 47r., June 2, 1830, fatal to M'Kay. Alec the second (Scotch), beat M'Allister 30r. 60m., Dec. 15, 1840; beaten by Wm. Byrne, 23r. 65m., Feb 8, 1841; beat Gibbons, 97r., Dec. 6, 1842; draw with Gibbons, 30r. 127m., Dec. 5, 1843.

WARD ROOM, Gunboat Nymph.—1. Dora is not performing at present. 2. The Webb Sisters are not creoles. 3. Mrs. Edwin Forrest is not now on the stage. 4. Zoe was born in Havana in 1840. 5. Is married. 6. Susan was married to Harry Huntingdon. 7. She was last with the Wallack-Davenport Combination. 8. Julia Dean is in California. 9. Fredrick's, photographer, 587 Broadway.

CITY STAGE, Philadelphia.—1. The Walnut was opened Jan. 1st, NOV. 10th, ... theatre; opened for dramatic performances in 1841; Mrs. Garrick... Warren; E. A. Marshall was lessee in 1861. It is the oldest building at present used for ... now in this country.

GREEN TOM, Columbian Spa.—"A, B, C and D are playing straight poker. D deals, A makes a blind of one check. B straddles it by putting up two checks. Now, how much or how many checks will it cost C and D to come in, also how many will A and B have to put in to make the blind good?".....It will cost C and D four checks each, A three, and B two.

J. S. AND J. R., Philadelphia.—"If, at cribbage, A plays an eight, B a seven, A a nine, and B a six, is B entitled to four points for his six?".....If it was a "go;" that is, if neither A nor B had an ace, B was entitled to five points; if it was not a "go," then B was entitled to but four points for the sequence of 6, 7, 8, and 9.

W. O. S., Chestertown, Md.—"In playing forty-fives, hearts are trumps. The ace of hearts is led, the third man puts on the five of trumps, the last man to play has the Jack of trumps alone. Can he renig the Jack or not?".....Yes. If the five had been led, however, he could not have "renigged."

OPERA, Philadelphia.—The Academy, Philadelphia, will seat as follows:—Parquet, 480; parquet circle, 580; balcony, 408: first circle, 128; six proscenium boxes, 96; second tier balcony, 424; second tier boxes, 134; two proscenium boxes, 32; amphitheatre, $18—in all 2000 seats, besides camp stools for 700 more.

ATLANTA, Ill.—"A, B and C sit down to play poker. They each take twenty checks, no money deposited, as they are playing on honor. A loses his twenty checks and quits the game; C leaves off twenty checks ahead. Who should redeem the twenty checks?".....A must pay C the amount the checks represented.

J. R., Pittsburgh.—"In a game of four handed euchre, can the dealer, when his partner orders him up, go it alone?".....The rule on this point differs in different localities. We incline to he opinion that the dealer cannot go alone when his partner assists.

OCCASIONAL, Baltimore.—Frank Forester was the author of "Field Sports," "Fish and Fishing," "Horse and Horsemanship of the United States and British Provinces," "The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen," "My Shooting Box," etc. He also edited Dinks, Mayhew & Richardson's work on "The Dog."

S. S., Chicago.—"A bets that Flying Dutchman made better time than Flora Temple's, trotting. Who wins?".....There never was a trotting horse named Flying Dutchman. The time of the Dutchman at three miles is better than Flora Temple's, but the mile time of the latter is better than his.

STILLWATER.—No, 3 wins the game. No 1 must make the two points he offered to win, and notwithstanding he makes his High Jack, No. 3's low goes out before him. It is obligatory on No. 1, to win, to make his two points before No. 3 makes his one. At least that is our view of the case.

OLD SLEDGE.—The last card must be turned up by the dealer for the trump card, irrespective of the consent of the party begging. Should it prove to be the same suit as that which has already been run, a fresh deal must take place.

P. H. O'B., Delphi, Ind.—The idea of 58 rats being killed by a dog in one minute is preposterous; Jemmy Shaw's black and tan dog Jacko killed 60 rats in 2m. 43 secs., in London, which, we rather guess, "takes the rag off" in the way of rat killing.

ENQUIRER.—1. Pike's Opera House *building* is larger than the New Bowery, but that part of it devoted to the drama is not. The New Bowery will seat a great many more people. 2. A loses the game, the non-dealer scoring the point when a tie occurs.

ENQUIRER.—The Crystal Palace was on Broadway and Forty-second street. With the exception of the floor the edifice was built of iron and glass, and cost $500,000. Was opened July 15th 1853, and destroyed by fire Oct. 5th, 1858.

TRUNK MAKER, Philadelphia.—Your religious friend is trying to play a religious sell upon you. The best walking time on record is that made by Westhall in England, when he walked eight miles in one hour and two minutes. [illegible] Yards in 9 secs. by Geo. Seward; ¼ of a mile in 48½ secs. and ½ a mile in 1 min. 58 secs. by Harry Reed; and one mile in 4:20½ secs. by Teddy Mills. 2. We have no CLIPPER containing your advertisement.

E. H. N., Brooklyn.—1. Kate Bateman is in England. 2. Not married. 3. Dan Rice is living and has not a company performing at present. 4. Richard Platt is the owner of the New York Hippotheatron. 5. Spalding and Rogers' Circus is in New Orleans.

ACE KING, Brooklyn.—Five card cribbage is preferred to six card by the majority of players, as it is claimed that it is the more scientific game. For amusement, simply, we prefer six card cribbage.

COPHO.—Henry Wood's Minstrel Hall opened July 7th, 1862 Eph Horn, Abecco, Frank Brower, Cool White, and Charley Fox, were in the company on the opening night.

BILLIARDS, N. Y.—For going in the pocket after caroming on the white and red balls, the forfeiture is only two points instead of five, as C wrongfully claims.

OCTO, Washington.—The Philadelphia Academy is larger than the New York Academy, and the Boston Academy is larger than Pike's Opera House.

NEMO.—1. The Old Broadway Theatre would hold 4500 persons, and was larger than the Academy of Music. 2. The Astor Place Opera House accommodated 1800 persons.

JUSTICE.—We shall be happy to have a private interview with you upon the subject. At least give us some proof in support of your charges.

T. SMITH, Morris Island.—1. Dan Rice is not dead. 2. Mrs. John Wood played Pocahontas at the Olympic in this city Oct. 19th, 1863.

W. H. B., H. Ferry.—We have not seen the treatise, but we believe the advertiser to be a reliable man. The ad. will inform you how to procure the work.

W. T.—Not quite point enough about the "Katie" to be of general interest, although you may have felt different at the time of the accident. Respectfully declined.

R. C. D., Savannah.—You will find the lady's whereabouts in the CLIPPER almost every week. If you send the letter to this office we will forward it to the lady.

FAIRPLAY, Philadelphia.—We think you are mistaken in regard to the character of the concern. Possibly your remittance may have been miscarried, and it might be well to write them again.

HARRY B., Army of the James.—Four fours and a tray count twenty at cribbage, viz., eight by fifteens and twelve for double pair royal.

J. S. AND J. R., Philadelphia.—What is the question? We make no charge for answering correspondents.

S. O. B., Chicago, Ill.—All right. See advertisement. For three months, $29.05, with $5 received to be deducted.

CONSTANT READER, City Point, Va.—A wins; three of a kind beat a straight.

J. HOAR.—Johnson having failed to *beat* S on the first throw, Hoar wins; and also wins the second bet.

W. A., Binghampton.—Trustee and Lady Fulton have both trotted twenty miles in the hour in this State.

QUERY, Poughkeepsie.—Flora Temple is alive, and at the present time is at the Suffolk Park Course, Philadelphia.

GALWAY.—We are not sufficiently posted on "Steeple Chasing in Ireland" to answer your question.

W. H, Ypsilanti, Mich.—Items are always acceptable. Money to hand all right. Thank you.

MAGHERNFELT, Buffalo.—Your communication will appear in our next.

FRANK H., Cincinnati.—We hold to the opinion that he cannot, but it is better to settle the point before commencing the game.

C. W., Co. F. 11th N. J. Vols.—The parties disclaim any idea of disfranding you, and promise to attend to your case.

DEMOCRAT.—We have no knowledge of his striking 965 lbs. on a striking machine in Liverpool.

S. P. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Eight miles in 1h. 2m. by Charles Westhall.

JOHN C. S., Lima.—We cannot send you any back numbers of the CLIPPER except of the present vol.

POOR WHITE, Washington.—A man who bets on a "certainty" wins, providing the "sure thing" turns out to be a certainty.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER, Elmira.—We never publish charades; the specimens you send us are very cleverly worked up.

A. B. H., Philadelphia.—The party who threw 43, won the bet, as he does not seem to have sold his bet in disposing of his throw

E. H., Fishback.—Tom Sayers proclaimed his father to be an Englishman. We presume Tom is correct.

WM. B. S., 155th Pa. Vols.—Tom Sayers never had a prize fight with Jem Mace.

JOHN W. GRIFFITH, Elizabeth, Ind.—Your subscription does not expire until No. 8 of Vol. 13.

J. W. JENNES, Bradford, Vt.—Your six months subscription expired with No. 40. For six months more, $2.50

N. C. R., Rochester.—Junius Brutus Booth died in 1852.

MORTON.—Four aces only count twelve, as a pair royal, at cribbage.

M. T.—Charles Loveday is at the Rochester Theatre.

DICK SANDS.—Your letter was sent to Indianapolis.

CHASING SQUIRRELS.—The second annual squirrel-hunt of the Rockville (Mass.) Hunting Club came off lately, and the count on both sides was two thousand eight hundred and nine.

THE LATE CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH.

Its Bad Management.

THE FIFTH of the present series of Championship billiard matches has been lost and won, and, as was pretty generally anticipated, Kavanagh has again proved the winner, although he by no means had an easy thing of it. As an exhibition of billiard playing, or as a square thing between the principals we have no disposition to criticise it, but in regard to the management of it, especially when compared with those matches held at Irving Hall, the verdict is a brief one, namely, that it was disgraceful, and the sooner our professional billiard players rid themselves of those interested individuals who have had the control of this affair, the better will it be for them and the game they represent, for what was once very properly considered a parlor pastime, and one which it was thought harmless, nay beneficial for ladies and even children to witness, has been reduced by the conduct of the parties alluded to, to the level of a mere gathering of rowdies. Lest we should be considered partial in this matter, we here quote from the *Daily Times* of the 21st inst., which, referring to the scenes and incidents, says:—

"As early as six o'clock, parties began to gather around the building, and when the doors were opened the rush was so great that it was almost impossible, even with the aid of a large body of police, to preserve anything like order, and prevent persons not supplied with tickets from entering with the crowd. The boxes had been reserved for the ladies, but they were quickly and forcibly taken possession of by a mob, who refused to give them up to the ladies, or obey the rules of the exhibition—rules such as gentlemen always conform to. It was then stated that these men refused to move from the seats they had so unlawfully [illegible] still taken, and most of the ladies for whom the seats were reserved, were obliged to leave the building without seeing anything of the billiard playing."

Now, is it to be supposed that gentlemen will venture to invite ladies to accompany them to a billiard match after such conduct as is here portrayed? We think not; nor will the respectability borrowed from the Academy of Music avail a second time to induce them to go as far as the doors even, unless better men have control, and a surer guaranty given that order will prevail. Our view of the case is, that the management of the late match were chagrinned at the exposure their doubtful conduct had met with at the hands of the press, and this led them to fear that the Academy would present, on the evening in question, a miserable account of empty benches, to counteract which, free tickets were pretty generally distributed, and when there still was room, those who had no "paper" were admitted. At all events, it is well known that the party whose business it was to receive tickets left his post when the influx of people was at the flood. As we have said, the control of these billiard matches must be put into proper hands, or else the game of billiards will soon be looked upon suspiciously, and ranked with bogus pedestrianism, trotting, etc. Let us then have reform in this direction, to the end that disaster may be averted, for if the present practice be persisted in, professional billiard players and saloon proprietors will have reason to regret that our advice was not taken, as the patronage of matches and practice at the game by amateurs will fall to a low ebb, and it will no longer be the profitable business it now is. Let the CLIPPER's warning be observed in time.

P. S.—Since the above was penned, the following evidence, showing how the house was packed, has come to hand. It is one of many circulars distributed gratuitously:—

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1865.

MR. ——— —*My Dear Sir:* Yourself and family are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion of the great billiard contest for the Championship of America between Dudley Kavanagh and William Goldthwait, at the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, January 20, 1865.

Play will commence at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Yours respectfully, DUDLEY KAVANAGH.

Please show this invitation at the door.

A shrewd dodge truly, to add to the profits (?) of the enterprise. There is one thing we should like to know, however, about the above invitation, viz., whether Kavanagh signed all these gratis invitations; if so, poor Goldthwait's share of the glory, as well as the profits, must have been small; and it would also give some coloring to the suspicion manifested by many that the whole thing was a put up job, and that the house was packed by Kavanagh's friends. We hope and believe, however, that the allegation of unfairness is unfounded, and that it can readily be disproved.

FIGHT TALK.

VERILY, things have a bad appearance "way down South in Dixie," not only in a military point of view, but in a political as well, for from the Richmond press we learn that they are having a very pretty wrangle in the rebel Congress, and language is used similar to that which characterised the "legislative lingo" of the gentlemen of the South when they bossed the concern for Uncle Sam. As a sample of irate oratory, we question whether the following, by a Mr. McMullen, can be surpassed:—

"Mr. McMullen, by consent, rose to a personal explanation on the 17th, and said, among other things, that he would not allow himself to be insulted by Mr. 'Q,' which was an assumed name, but it Mr. Q. was a gentleman, and would call on him as a gentleman, he would give him satisfaction. He had always considered Mr. Smith of the *Sentinel* a gentleman, and he had no evidence to the contrary, but if Mr. Smith, or Mr. Q. chose to arraign his action here as traitorous, he pronounced them as *base minions, infamous liars, scoundrels and puppies.* He was responsible to his constituents for his action, and not to Tom, Dick and Harry."

Talk about fight talk, why Jem Mace couldn't beat it. In fact, *less* than that has got many a man a punch in "the Irish snoot," as the bootblacks say. Our opinion is, that if Mr. McMullen is only half as good on the spar as he is on the spout, Mr. Q. will quail for the consequences. Taking an impartial view of affairs among the "seceshers," we thing they begin to wear a gloomy aspect, and the chances are that Mr. Lincoln will yet be president of *all* "these United States" by the fourth of March. Thomas has cut off the legs of the Confederacy, Sherman is cutting up a variety of capers in its abdomen, Porter and Terry have bunged up its eyes, Gen. Grant has got its head in chancery, its chief bottle holder—the London *Times*—has forsaken its cause, and now, as we see above, the seconds and abettors are having a muss in their own corner. Verily, it is a bad case, and the "Crowner's 'Quest" will soon have to be held, and like Blair and others, we hope a verdict of *"requiesced in pace"* will soon be rendered. As for Jeff Davis, as he has already lost one Foote, he had better get his duds in his black bag and skedaddle before he loses the other.

A THOROUGH-BRED YANKEE TERRY-ER.—One of the Richmond (Va.) papers, in alluding to the failure of the first attempt to take Fort Fisher, said, "A friend of ours given to punning, says that the Yankees were "*Lamb*-ed out" at Fort Fisher, to which we beg leave to respond that said "punning friend" counted his chickens before they were hatched, and did not calculate upon our thorough-bred Yankee Terry-er. *He* was the dog that worried the lamb, that repulsed "the beast," etc.

THE FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND was numerously attended on the afternoon and evening of the 21st inst., the fair sex being largely in the majority. The pond was illuminated with calcium lights, a good band "discoursed most excellent music," the ice was tolerably good, and the whole scene may be briefly summed up as having been a skating carnival indeed.

THE CENTRAL PARK POND was crowded on Sunday, the 22d inst., and what with skaters, spectators, and those continually going and coming, it seemed as though New York had emptied itself into the Central Park for an afternoon's frolic on the ice. The sanitary condition of the city was not affected for the worse by this exodus to a healthy atmosphere, depend on it.

INFORMATION WANTED.—If this should meet the eye of any person acquainted with the family of Mr. John S. White living in Northumberland County, near the towns of Coburg or Grafton, C. W., they will be of service to the family by informing me how a letter may reach Mr. White, as I can give him important information regarding his son Benjamin. Direct to Henry L. Wilson, Baltimore, Md.

HIGH LIFE.

WE recently had an *expose* of how the little joker is manipulated in political high life, the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for those interesting and gratuitous revelations being Mr. Opdyke, ex-Mayor of New York city; and Mr. Weed, high-cockalorem of all the political scribes, pharisees, lobby jobbers, and other jobby jobbers of the Albany Ring. These gentlemen gave us a very clear insight into the workings of the *inner* ring, showing us how very small our big bugs appear when viewed through an unsmoked glass, how they stoop to do little acts of scheming which throw the strategy of our Prize Ring disciples entirely in the shade, and how much it *costs* to buy an office. All these and many more developments were made concerning our rulers and others who want to be our rulers. So much for the political wire walkers and circus performers. And now we have a still more spicy trial going on, which goes to show another phase of life among the king pins. This is what is called a *crim. con.* case, one of those nice little affairs which occasionally get into Court, and afford the respectable newspapers an opportunity to spread the "disgusting details"—as they say of prize fights—before their select and appreciative readers. In the case in question, one of the parties runs off with another man's wife, they go the rounds together, have communicating rooms, and "all those sort of things," at various hotels; visit Indiana, an easy place of easy virtue, and actually get a divorce for the wife, while the husband is attending to his business in New York; they next get married, this nice pair, and actually come to New York to live, and revel in their honeymoon. This was a straw too much—the husband *could* see it, and entered suit against husband No. 2, when the latter urged habitual drunkenness against the original husband, and thus the case stands. Isn't it an awful state of affairs? Verily, Gotham is a mighty city, and full of wickedness in the upper circles, as well as in the lower strata of life.

THE TRIAL OF FARRELL for the murder of Harry Lazarus commenced on the 23d, after sundry fruitless efforts had been made to have it postponed again. The next hitch was in selecting a jury, and at the time we went to press on Monday evening but little headway had been made. A report of the trial will be given next week.

A GAY AND FESTIVE SCENE ON THE ICE.

The Grand Masquerade on the Union Pond, East Brooklyn, on Jan. 18th, 1865,

OVER TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE PRESENT.

THE season for carnivals on ice of the year 1865 will not be marked by any more note-worthy event than that of the fifth of the series of masquerades, or fancy-dress entertainments on ice, which took place on the Union Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., on the 18th of January, the inaugural entertainment of the series having been the great skating event of the winter of 1862. The preparations made to accommodate the immense throng expected were scarcely adequate to the demand made upon the several departments, so great was the rush of visitors on the occasion. How to graphically describe the crowds on the banks overlooking three sides of the Pond we know not. They first began to collect early in the afternoon, despite the "keen and biting air" which prevailed, and which made active exercise an absolute requisite in keeping one's body warm; the assemblage gradually increasing in numbers up to the hour named for the grand pyrotechnic display in the evening, at which time there could not have been less than some eight or ten thousand spectators present. The scene from the Pond when this crowd culminated was a very attractive one, a perfect horizon of faces being presented to the eye from the Pond as the illuminating fires brilliantly lit up the scene to view. In the afternoon, about fifty or sixty individuals, in fancy costumes, "put in an appearance," amidst the crowd of both sexes which thronged the Pond, the prospect from the banks at the time being very novel and picturesque. In fact, the whole scene was one calculated to make a decided impression on the memories of all who witnessed it, it being really a gala day on the ice to all parties concerned. Among those present in costume during the afternoon—that being the best time to visit a pond on carnival days—we especially noticed the following: Mr. Cameron as a contraband Yankee, the character being admirably sustained throughout, as was his companion Dinah Crow, by Mrs. M. F., of Philadelphia, one of those few ladies who know how to fully enter into the spirit and frolicsomeness of an entertainment of this kind, while at the same time they entirely preserve the modesty and decorum of a lady. Mr. David Sutton was admirably disguised as a Court Jester, even his most intimate friends failing to recognize him, and yet a false nose with a beard and pair of spectacles was all the means used to preserve his incognito. In the evening there was a large accession to the list of those in fancy costume and masks, the following being prominent: Mr. T. Cox as Ursa Major; Mr. Bendernage as a Clown; Mr. Pettengen as a Roman; Mr. Sangler as the Fat Boy; Mr. [illegible] Malone as Patrick; Mr. Wheelright as Count Fathom; Mr. Austin as Snow; Master Chas. Torney as Phleadies; Mr. Robinson as an Arab; Mr. Ring as a Clown; Master Cox as a Prince; Mr. Taylor as Bridget; Mr. Waring as a Spaniard; Mr. Lennox as the Green Gnome; Mr. M. Rogers as John Smith—a capital impersonation; Mr. Wood as Parson Beecher; Mr. Stewart as the Red Gnome; Masters Selden and Skinner in Continental Uniform; Mr. Seabury as a Recruiting Officer; Mr. Keep as a Rebel Officer; Messrs. P. Johnson and Jaques as Champion Skaters; Mr. Castigan as Paddy From Cork; Mr. E. Torney as Don Cæsar De Bazan; Mr. Depew as a Brigand; Mr. Cammeyer as General Hooker; Mr. Spence as a Police Officer; Mr. Douglas as a Hunter; Master Phipps as an Irish Boy; Mr. J. Johnson as Jack in the Box; Mr. Hadfield jun. as a Brigand. In addition to these there were Clowns, Irishmen, Darkies, Hungarians, Chinamen, Indians, Monks, Soldiers, real and imaginary, Sailors, ditto, and in fact, a variety of characters far too numerous to mention individually. Among the ladies present in costume the following were noteworthy for their attractive appearance: Miss M. Torney as Little Nell; the two Miss Cammeyers in neat attire; Miss Waring as a Spanish Lady; Miss W. as a Zingara; Mrs. S. Cox as La Fille Du Regiment; Miss Merritt and Mrs. Bailey as Prize Skaters, the former taking the palm; Mrs. Sutton in a pink Domino; Miss Cannon as Young America; Miss Cammeyer in a dress composed of the National Colors, looked charmingly. The total number of those who passed the entrance way in fancy costume during the day amounted to three hundred and twenty-eight, and as but a few comparatively observed the request of the proprietor, in regard to leaving their names, and that of the character they assumed as they passed in, we are unable to give but a few of them.

Gay, festive and frolicsome as the scene was in the afternoon, it was not until the evening that it really became a carnival on ice, and that a crowded pond became a fixed fact. The great tide of visitors began to flow in about 7 P. M., and from that hour until nine o'clock the entrance way to the pond was a sight to behold. A police force was in attendance under the immediate command of Sergeant Spence, of the 47th Precinct, Superintendent Folk supervising the force. Their services were not in demand, however, beyond what was needed to direct the crowd in entering. President Cammeyer had placed his forces so advantageously, and planned his evening campaign so well, that in spite of the immense rush of the crowd everything worked to a charm. The fact is, on such festive occasions as this carnival, the spirit of fun, frolic and good nature seems to reign supreme. People are knocked down, tripped up, jostled against, and in a variety of ways punished by each other, and yet the knocked down individual rises with a smile, the tripped up party apologizes for being floored, the jostled ones mutually beg each other's pardon at the same moment, and all bear with the ills flesh is heir to on a skating pond with a patient forbearance, which, if carried out in the daily affairs of life, would render our law courts useless, and leave our penitentiaries unoccupied.

The weather in the evening, though very cold, was nevertheless not unfavorable for the sport, the wind which had prevailed during the day having lulled at night; but it was far too cold for all not actively exercising on skates or cosily seated in the warm retiring rooms which, by-the-way, were crowded with the fair sex to an unprecedented extent throughout the evening; in fact—at one time it really appeared as if the whole female portion of the population of the Eastern District had been ordered to report in *propria personæ* to the President of the Union Pond—so great was the rush of crinoline to that particular locality. The preparations made by those in charge of the several departments were excellent.

The pyrotechnic display in the evening—under the charge of Prof. Hadfield—was really a brilliant sight, and a great treat to the thousands on the banks adjoining the pond, who seldom enjoy the gratuitous privilege accorded them on this occasion. The programme included twenty-one different pieces, the feature of which was that representing Fort Fisher and its bombardment, and the piece entitled Success to the Union Pond. Despite the presence of such a great and mixed crowd, not the slightest disturbance marred the harmony of the occasion, so stringent are the rules of the Union Pond and so rigidly are they enforced. To conclude—we have to state that in every respect was the whole affair the most brilliant success of the kind known in the annals of skating in this country.

Conspicuous in the crowd on the pond was the noted Charley Sawyer, "dressed within an inch of his life," as Dickens says, for Charley has the "rocks" in his possession, and can cut a dash when he likes. We cannot, with any regard to truth, call Charley a first class skater; in fact, he is quite the reverse. His little boy, when he saw his father venture on the pond, on skates, exclaimed, "Who will care for Father now?" A very appropriate interpolation of his parent's well known song, under the circumstances.

THE RING AMONG THE CELESTIALS.—A correspondent, Fred C., writing from Hongque, Shanghai, China, says that the best prize fight fought there according to the rules of the British P. R., was between Tah-kee-la-sing-mu-kae-po-shang and Sha-kia-ta-kin-shoong-sui-poop-sing, both light weights, as well known throughout Ching Yang's dominions as Patsy Marley was at home. Tah and Sha both went into a regular course of training by half starving themselves and shaving off their pig tails. They are said to have been game to the end of their toe nails, and fought for over three minutes and a half, when Sha resigned the contest and Tah was handed the stakes (2 bowls of rice and a bran new pair of wooden chop sticks).

BILLY MULLIGAN ARRESTED FOR ALLEGED BURGLARY.—From all accounts Billy hasn't been over lucky since he struck Californee—what with duels, arrests, etc., they are determined that he shall have no rest. The "latest intelligence" from that region reports Mulligan as looking very "seedy" in his general appearance, as also a statement that he had been arrested on a charge of burglary, but as it was proved that he was not on that lay, whatever else he may be guilty of, the judge discharged him instanter.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE WORMALD BEATS ANDREW MARSDEN

FOR £400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT,

In 19 rounds, 37 minutes,

ON THE 4TH OF JANUARY, 1865.

THE first prize fight of the year 1865 has been fought, and we are enabled to lay before our readers the promised result, although not in detail, owing to police interference and a necessary postponement of the battle between Joe Wormald and Andrew Marsden, for £200 a side and the Championship of England. The *Sporting Life* of the 4th inst. devotes three columns and a half to an account of the fight that didn't come off until after their edition was printed, by way of preliminary to the rounds which were to have followed, but as nine-tenths of it is strung out to fill up space and amounts to nothing at all, after pruning and weeding it of its slurs at Coburn and snobbish toadying to another party, we give all that will prove of interest to American readers.

The attempt to bring the affair to a conclusion on the 3d inst., proved a failure. Unable to secure a special train, the promoters of the fight were compelled to venture upon a journey by the morning "paper train" from Euston square to Marston Gate, a retired station near Aylesbury. Here the ring was formed, but the police interfered, and a move was made for a fresh spot near Leighton Buzzard, but the authorities were determined that the battle should not take place, and pursuing the "warlike party," the interesting "mill" was at length abandoned for that day at least.

No incident worth noticing occurred before starting, except a row in which Bill Gilham, of Brighton, and Joe Goss, of Northampton, were concerned. A previous dispute had arisen between them on the occasion of an attempted match on the part of Gilham to back a man at 11st 4lb to fight Goss. The deposit of one was alleged to be improperly appropriated by the other, and the quarrel was enhanced by some very pretty angry words at Nat Langham's the previous evening. The result of all this was that Gilham suddenly struck Goss a heavy blow on the mouth while the Midland Counties man was standing unprepared with his hands in his coat. This unprovoked attack excited the indignation of all present, and many of Goss's own friends suggested the propriety of instant retaliation. Goss, however, very wisely abstained, making use of the remark that it would be an injudicious course to take any further notice of it, and that some other time and place must be selected to resent the injury, and that it would come sooner or later.

Arriving at Marston Gate, the services of the officials of the P. B. A. were immediately called into requisition, and the Commissary, assisted by "Puggy" White, first formed an extensive outer-ring, sufficient to afford accommodation to all present. The inner-ring tickets were then disposed of, the seats all taken up at the usual tariff, and the whips distributed by the Inspector of the P. B. A. to the seven ring-keepers appointed, who, it may be mentioned, were—Jack Rooke (who is matched against Kelly, for £100 a side), George Crockett, Job Cobley, Fred Dickenson, Jem Gollagher, Hartley, and Dan Collins. While the 24 ft. square was being arranged, the belligerents held their levees in opposite directions, both sides reckoning the chances with equal eagerness. Every preparation having been completed, Wormald advanced towards the ropes, enveloped in a leopard-skin wrapper, and quietly threw in his cap at eighteen minutes past nine o'clock. The manner in which he was greeted must have convinced every one that he had a host of friends in the east, who viewed the matter of his victory as a foregone conclusion, and this feeling became so prevalent that odds of 5 to 4 were offered on him. Marsden's advent into the ring quickly followed, and the ovation in his favor was likewise remarkably hearty. The seconds followed their principals.

The attendants, elected from the first seconds of the day, now commenced the toilets of the men, and eager hopes and aspirations arose that there would really be a fight for the much-coveted belt. Scarcely had the valets commenced their duties when a train from the direction of Aylesbury was sighted, and a posse of the local constabulary were seen to alight. As they leisurely advanced towards the ring, their unwelcome presence cast a complete damp on the anticipations of all present. As a matter of course, further preparations were suspended, and all anxiously waited to hear what these officials had to say. Their leader represented that the assemblage was about to commit an illegal act, and it was therefore incumbent upon him and his men to prevent the same. A well-known sporting "bung" of Birmingham generously took up the cudgel, and firmly denounced the attempt to stop the fight, alleging that they did not belong to the county, and necessarily had neither business nor right to interfere. The authorities did not under those circumstances attempt to enter the ring, but quietly stated that they would be compelled to make a full report of the affair, and the men would be then fighting at their peril. This was a blow that no one expected, and a consultation was then held as to what measures could be judiciously taken in order to avoid further interruption. Perceiving that those intent upon sport appeared still to linger on the ground, one of the Buckinghamshire police started off to Tring, and the result of his mission was that a trap, containing three men belonging to the Herts division—an inspector and two constables—arrived on the ground, and forbade all further proceedings. A tramp of four dreary miles had then to be made to reach Cheddington Junction, where all took fresh tickets for Leighton-Buzzard, but the police again loomed in the distance; and this time they peremptorily ordered the whole pugilistic fraternity out of their district. "Rather than you should fight," added they, "we will follow you another twenty miles." This was a clincher, and every one rushed to the trains and left for the metropolis.

The City of Baltimore, which left Liverpool at noon on the 4th and Queenstown on the 5th inst., and arrived here on the 20th, brings the news of the fight having been fought and won by Wormald, which we herewith append:

WORMALD WINS THE BATTLE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

The prize fight for the English Championship between Wormald and Marsden, which was to have come off on the 3d inst., was prevented by the police.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 5, 1865.

The prize fight for the Championship, between Wormald and Marsden, resulted in the victory of Wormald.

[*From the Cork Reporter, Jan. 5th.*]

After the twelfth round Marsden was fearfully distressed, but he boldly faced his opponent and was fearfully punished in the thirteenth.

In the fourteenth he was struck down like an ox.

Four times more he faced his opponent, only to be struck heavily down again, and just as he was coming up for the nineteenth round the sponge was thrown up by one of his seconds, and Wormald was hailed the winner after contesting for thirty-seven minutes.

Marsden was severely beaten, and for some time after the ring was cleared he remained in his corner in an almost fainting condition, having his face and temples bathed with water.

Wormald, on the other hand, walked away apparently unhurt; a slight swollen black eye being the only mark on his face. At the commencement of the fight the odds were six to four on Marsden. [Full details will be given in next week's CLIPPER].

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST RACING SEASON.

THE HOBOKEN AND LEXINGTON FALL MEETINGS.

THE first race meeting of the Hudson County Association was inaugurated on their newly constructed race course at Hoboken, on Tuesday, Sept. 27th, and notwithstanding the disadvantages of unfavorable weather and limited fields of horses, proved highly successful. The Association had only been established about twelve months, but in that short space of time a race course had been laid out and constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and experienced turfmen had pronounced it the fastest track in America. Composed of the wealthiest and most influential gentlemen of the County, the Society were indefatigable in their exertions and regardless of expense in the successful carrying out of their liberal programme of sport. The proximity of this race course to a great city like New York, with its vast population, will always ensure an immense amount of patronage, provided the same liberal management and evident desire to consult the convenience and comfort of the public which characterized the Paterson and Saratoga Meetings are adopted. The Course itself is oval, or rather pear-shaped, enclosed by a strong lofty fence, except on the side next the Hackensack river, and possesses a judges' and extensive grand stand, with every accommodation in way of offices, &c., for the transaction of business. In close proximity is a large and magnificent hotel, together with extensive stabling, sheds, etc., for the accommodation of the trainers and their horses.

The opening day (Tuesday) was delightfully fine and favorable—the weather smiling auspiciously on the meeting. The Erie R. R. ran special trains at low fares from New York, while residents of the country seemed, from their large attendance, to take special interest in the success of their new race course. The first event of the meeting was a mile dash for three-year olds, for which three of the seven entries started; Lexicon, Dr. Underwood, Lurline and Charlotte F. being the absentees, and Eagle, with Mr. Morris' gr. c. and b. f. by Eclipse, being the starters. Lexicon was reserved for the three-mile race; Lurline was penalized for winning at Paterson, and consequently did not put in an appearance; and Dr. Underwood, having only just arrived from Canada, being so much out of form that his trainer thought it useless to start him. In consequence of Eagle having to carry 7 lbs. penalty for his Paterson victory, Mr. Morris' entry was made the favorite in the betting by the knowing ones, and the result showed the correctness of their judgment, as the extra weight told on Eagle, and the gray colt won cleverly by three lengths in 1:48¾. The second race was the Ferry Stakes for horses of all ages, three-mile heats, and was run for by Lexicon and Fleetwing; Patti, not having recovered from her Paterson fatigues, being withdrawn. A magnificent race in the first heat resulted in favor of Fleetwing by half a length only in 5:45.

In the second heat another finely contested race was witnessed, Fleetwing again winning in 5.42, being three seconds quicker than the preceding heat. A mile heat race concluded the first day's sport, and was contested by Ben Bruce, Velos, Slasher c, and a filly of unknown pedigree. Ben Bruce was made the favorite at long odds, but in this case the cognoscenti were at fault, for the Slasher colt cut him down without an effort in both heats in 1.47¾, 1.51.

In consequence of an important trotting race occurring on the ensuing day on the Fashion Course, the second day's proceedings were adjourned until the day after; a precedent which, we trust, will not be followed hereafter. The patrons of legitimate racing are of an entirely different class to the patrons of trotting; the habitues of the Long Island tracks being rarely seen on the race course. In this particular case, the adjournment operated adversely to the success of the meeting, for unfavorable weather set in, rendering repeated postponements necessary, and creating a great amount of disappointments alike to the race-going public and the owners, and trainers of the horses engaged in the various stakes. It was not until Thursday, Oct. 6th, that the meeting was recommenced, with a mile and quarter dash race for all ages, and which was won by Mr. Morris's b. f. by Eclipse, dam Esta, beating Ben Bruce (second), and Mr. Morris' gr. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Ward jr., in 2.22. The two mile heat Post Stake produced one of the closest and most exciting races ever witnessed between Eagle and Lexicon. Lexicon won the first heat in 3.53, and Eagle the two next in 3.56¾, 4.03¾. In the third heat, the struggle between the two was tremendous, both horses for upwards of a mile being locked together, and both swerving from distress all the way up the homestretch; the superior gameness solely of Eagle enabling him to pull through. Patti and Punch also started, but both were distanced; the latter in the first heat and the former in the second. Patti was so distressed by the running in this race that she died shortly afterwards. She belonged to Mr. Denis Reedy, of Montreal, who had purchased her after winning a Sailing Race at Saratoga for $650. The mile heat handicap race on the same day was won by Ben Bruce, carrying 90 lbs., beating Zigzag (second) 90 lbs; Throgsneck (third), 115 lbs.; Velos (fourth), 85 lbs., and American Eagle (dist.), 90 lbs.

The third day of this meeting commenced with a three quarter mile dash for all ages, Mr. Morris's gr. c. by Eclipse, winning in 1:20¾, and beating Gentle Annie, Oriflamme, Lurline, Garibaldi and Lady Dan. A mile heat race for all ages was won by Ben Bruce, beating Velos without an effort, in 1:39, 2:00½. The four mile heat stake was walked over for by Fleetwing, and the meeting concluded with a mile heat race, which was won by Lurlin in 1:34½, 1:35¾, beating Gentle Annie, Dr. Rojers' entry, an Pineus' b. c.; the two latter distanced in

the conditions of the championship, had deposited $250 forfeit with the customary stakeholder.

THE SCORE.

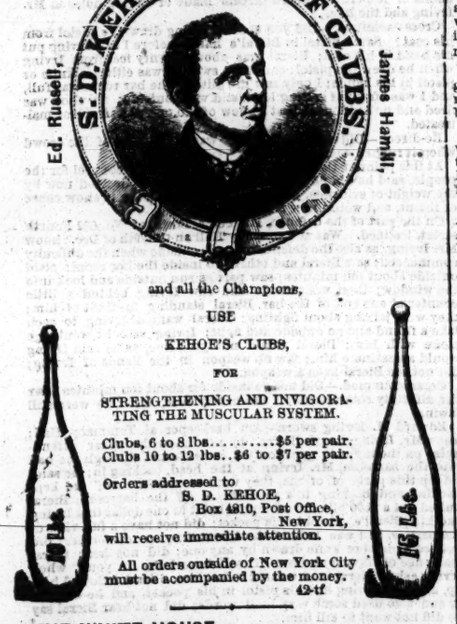
GOLDTHWAITT. Shot.	Count.	Total.	KAVANAGH. Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITT. Shot.	Count.	Total.	KAVANAGH. Count.	Total.
1	2	2	0	0	49	45	718	142†	794
2	2	4	5	5	50	3†	718	3	797
3	2	6	7*	12	51	2	720	0*	797
4	0	6	0	12	52	2	722	0	797
5	9†	15	0	12	53	60	782	2*	799
6	0	15	4	16	54	1	783	2*	801
7	34	49	39	55	55	0†	783	11	812
8	90	69	4*	59	56	5*	788	6	818
9	23	92	0	59	57	19*	807	3	813
10	3§	95*	1	60	58	3	810	0	813
11	24	119	9	69	59	118*	928	9†	822
12	8	127	18†	80	60	7†	920	4	826
13	0†	127	59	139	61	14	943	0	826
14	8	135	4	143	62	3	946	3	829
15	8	143	17*	160	63	15	961	0	832
16	20	163	9	169	64	0	961	2	834
17	11	174	5	174	65	5*	966	2	836
18	0	174	30	204	66	80	1046	2	838
19	0	174	49	246	67	83	1129	20	858
20	16	190	11†	257	68	12	1141	26	882
21	112	308	23	280	69	48§	1189	130	1092
22	84	387	19	299	70	24*	1213	3	1095
23	10	397	82*	381	71	3	1216	11	1016
24	3	400	0	381	72	12	1228	0	1016
25	0	400	2	383	73	4	1232	78	1094
26	0*	400	6	389	74	0	1232	26	1120
27	17	417	0	389	75	15	1247	0	1120
28	15	432	2	391	76	40	1287	9	1129
29	4	436	3	394	77	29*	1316	18	1147
30	0*	436	8	402	78	0	1316	0	1147
31	0	436	0	402	79	6*	1322	6	1153
32	34	470	2	404	80	0	1322	9	1162
33	8	478	0	404	81	6	1328	0§	1162†
34	15	488	18	422	82	1	1329	0*	1162
35	57	545	60§	482	83	3	1332	0§	1162
36	6	545	30	512	84	4	1336	0	1162
37	0	545	17	529	85	0*	1336	3	1165
38	11	556	14	543	86	20§	1356	27†	1192
39	18	574	8	551	87	0	1356	0	1192
40	0	574	3	554	88	23	1379	14*	1206
41	0	574	6	560	89	3†	1382	1	1207
42	32	606	26*	586	90	0	1382	158	1365
43	11	617	0	586	91	8	1390	13†	1378
44	0	617	29	615	92	1	1391	0	1378
45	0	617	17	632	93	0	1391	26*	1404
46	5	622	10	642	94	6	1397	10	1414
47	4§	626	10	652	95	6	1403	41*	1455
48	44	670	0	652	96	3	1406	46	1501

* Pocket. † Miss. § Banked. ‡ Foul shot.

THE FOSTER AND DEERY MATCH.—The match between these two accomplished knights of the Cue for $500, 1500 points up, caroms, took place last evening (Monday) at Grover's Theatre, Washington. A large delegation of the New York billiard notabilities left this city for Washington on Sunday evening to witness the contest. The betting on the result was even in New York, but Deery was the favorite in the capital.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. E. H. Nelms, the popular superintendant of Victor Estephe's billiard rooms, corner of Eighth and Chestnut, Philadelphia, challenges Melvin Foster, of this city, to play him a game of 1500 points up, American four ball caroms, with 2⅜ inch balls, on a Phelan & Collender table, for $500 a side, the push shot barred, and has deposited $100 in the hands of Mr. Phelan as forfeit. What says Mr. Foster to the Philadelphia challenge?

THE RING.



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No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality. SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW. Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.
For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 26

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS
has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!—OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVES BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
126 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by 34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, ckept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening. Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 41-

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON.
FENTON & DOLE.....Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35 6m] A. S. DOLE.

The California Exchange,
NO. 422 BROOME STREET, near Broadway,
JOHNNY LAZARUS.....Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday and Monday Evenings free, commencing at 8, P. M., under the superintendance of JOHNNY LAZARUS and BARRY, THE KID.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION at all hours of the Day and Evening. Gloves furnished by the proprietor, free of charge.
13 OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

Come and see the Smallest Dogs in the WORLD—Together with a fine collection of Japanese Rats, all colors, naturally tame, and a number of the Canine Race; also, a fine Picture Gallery. These dogs are kept for stock, and can be seen at FLETCHER'S Hotel, N. W. corner of Thirteenth and Girard Avenue. Rats always on hand and good accommodation for dogs.
Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

Charley Grovesteen's Champion
MUSIC HALL, CONCERT SALOON, AND
GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES,
No. 634 BROADWAY, between Bleecker and Bond sts.,
Beautiful and fascinating Lady Waiters. Unsurpassed Shooting Gallery. Prof. Dorge, Supt. Grand Orchestra Music, with Selections from the Favorite Operas. Superior Viands and Havanas of the Finest Brands. Admission free. [40 3m*
CHARLES GROVESTEEN. MISS KATE STANTON.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
186 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

THE IRVING ASSAULT CASE.

THE attention of the reading public has been called off and on several times within the last few weeks to a case in the Police Courts where Jim Irving, a noted politician and sporting man figured as plaintiff, and three equally conspicuous characters named Lewy Beirel, Rockey Moore, and Owney Geoghegan as the defendants. From what we can learn it appears that Beirel and Geoghegan had been Irving's right and left bowers until a short time previous to the late charter election, but "fell out," as others have done before them. We then find Geoghegan in trouble up in his own ward, arrested on a charge of "riot," and transferred from his own little mint, "strange places for to see," or sent on, what Billy Donohue would call a "pic-nic" for a time. On the release of Owney, or soon afterwards, Flory Scammell was charged with shooting at and severely injuring Jim Irving, but we never heard how the case ended, but it seems that he was in for it, for the next thing that turns up Irving charges Beirel, Moore and Geoghegan with assaulting him and threatening his life in the bar-room of Tammany Hall. The case was first called up over two weeks ago, and postponed till the 18th inst., a full account of which appears elsewhere, but as it does does not refer to the great friendship formerly existing between the plaintiff and defendants (except Rockey Moore), thinking that every little item just about this time might prove particularly interesting, we have unearthed all that is generally known about the case. How it will end is a tale not yet unfolded.

TIM DONOVAN, of St. Louis, was in town last week, the guest of Mike Trainer, of "auburn hair" renown, and, as a matter of course, put up at the Saddle Rock Restaurant, on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, where Mike hangs out his shingle.

WENT THROUGH HIM.—On the 18th inst. Andy Sheehan was "relieved" of a $500 bill, while at a saloon in the upper part of Broadway. Andy hung up his coat containing over $2,000 in one of the pockets, and while he was in an adjoining room a "colleged pusson," named Johnson, "abstracted" the bill from his pocket. Johnson was committed.

STARTED A NEW RANCHE.—Bill Ladd, ex-foreman of 38 Engine Company, Old Southwark, has turned up in San Francisco, where he is keeping a drinking saloon, and doing well.

WHAT HENRY JENNINGS HAS CONCLUDED TO DO.—The great canine fancier, who is located at 32 Portland street, Boston, after vindicating for seven or eight weeks, is now ready to negotiate for any of the following matches: "A slut, 11 lbs., for $100 a side; a 22 lb. dog for $100 a side; a 23 lb. dog for $200 or $300 a side; a 24½ or 25 lb. dog for $500 a side; a 25½ lb. dog for $1000 to $5000; a 28½ or 29 lb. dog for $200 a side; and a 34 or 35 lb. dog for $500 or $1000 a side. Any of the above matches to take place in five or six weeks, give or take expenses." Harry, it will thus be seen, does not let money be any draw-back whatever, as he has offers to back dogs for from $100 to $5000! Dog fighting must be looking up.

MORE LUCK.—The presiding genius of the Nautilus Branch, Tommy Burns, won a stylish cutter on the 21st inst., at a raffle at Sandy Spencer's, and just as soon as St. Nautilus (the god of water) makes way for Old Zero, Thomas will a sleighing go, out in his bran new sleigh. It isn't safe to bet against Burns any more, for he is now with the tide and means to keep so. O! kerect.

MIKE NUNAN, the promising young light-weight of Brooklyn, is going to Philadelphia to assist at the Jim Dunn Boxing Tournament, and it is probable that Mike will give an exhibition there before he returns.

HEAVY PAPERS.—Nick Langdon, a sporting celebrity, pretty well known all over the Union, was last week "mulcted" to the tune of $5,000, for an alleged assault on the Superintendent of the Home of the Friendless. At that rate people wouldn't mind taking a "smack in the snoot," when they often get it for nothing.

ANOTHER RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—Pete Dailey, who fought Johnny Lazarus, has turned up unexpectedly and unheralded among the boys of the Empire City, having left Frisco by the first boat at very short notice. Pete blames Mulligan for double-dealing, by having got him into a scrape and then turning States evidence against him. The nature of the difficulty is beyond our ken, so we can't say anything further, except that Dailey intends to give an exhibition here very soon, to get on his pins again.

SICK.—Billy Miner is lying very low with rheumatism at his residence. Miner is one of our biggest politicians and sporting men, and the news of his illness to those not already aware of it will be unwelcome, indeed.

NOBLE DEEDS.—We must say that when a young fellow bears a good reputation in his wild days, he is not always forgotten when sickness makes his face an absent one in his old familiar haunts. This thought occurred to us while at the ball given at the City Assembly Rooms on the 20th, for the benefit of Jimmy King, of Hose Co. No. 28, who has been laid up with the rheumatism nearly all the winter, as the ball room was crowded by a company of nature's noblemen and their bosom partners. On behalf of Jimmy, Geo. McKay tenders his thanks to his friends.

THE TWO FIGHTING JOES—SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is strange, but nevertheless true, that up to the present time there never has been a champion of England by the name of Joe, until Joe Wormald, by his overwhelming defeat of Andrew Marsden, has now placed the name of Joseph high on the ladder of fame, and it will take a good man to rub it out. The same peculiarity exists in regard to the American championship—there never was a Joe champion until Joe Coburn, and to have two Joes champions, respectively of England and America, at one and the same time, is something remarkable and worth recording.

BETTING ON THE LATE FIGHT.—Our evergreen friend, Toppy Maguire, is one of the best of judges of pugilistics, both foreign and domestic, and has never, to our knowledge, come out the wrong end of the horn in betting on prize fights. In the late "go" between Wormald and Marsden, Toppy has turned out right side up with care, having won "quite some" on Master Joe, and that, too, while investing his stamps against the opinions of such downy ones as Jim Heenan, Joe Coburn, Jim Cusick and others who had seen and taken stock of both men, whereas Mark never saw either. He has also headed off "Tom Quick," who some time ago said it would be a walk over for Marsden. After this who shall say that Maguire isn't the veritable Sage of Bloomingdale?

BILL DAVIS IN A TURN-UP.—A story reaches us from Philadelphia, to the effect that Wm. M. Davis, of California, at present matched with Jim Dunn, had had a job put up against him by a noted character of Old Filly, either to have him licked or to see what sort of stuff he was made of. According to report, a celebrated rough-and-tumble fighter, as big as they make 'em, was put to take the tickets at the door of a ball-room just about the time Davis was expected along with some friends. A *ruse* was resorted to, to detain the Californian at the door while his friends preceded him. When William "went for to go in," Rough-and-Tumble remonstrated and called him out of his name, and, when he remonstrated, the other fellow hauled off and smashed him in the nose. "Such conduct as those" Davis would stand from no mortal man, so he off coat, and the two went at it, catch as catch can, right in the ball-room, and the quiet-looking boxer used up the rough so good and quick that he was glad to cry a go. Moral: Don't judge a man by the cut of his clothing.

DOG DISPUTE IN ILLINOIS.—An affair of this kind took place in Ramsey, Illinois, on New Year's eve, between Jeffers James' dog Turk and W. Harris's dog Rover, for $50 a side. The contest lasted one hour, when James' dog proved the winner, killing Harris' dog in the pit. The fight caused quite an excitement among the Ramsey sports. John Anderson was stakeholder and referee.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS ADDIE ANDERSON.

THIS lady was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 28th, 1844. When John E. Owens leased the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, he engaged Miss Anderson for the business of Walking Ladies, and she there made her first appearance on any stage in Nov. 1860, as Miss Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer." She was favorably received, and continued there the entire season, playing in her time many parts. From New Orleans she proceeded to the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, with Kunkel and Moxley, where she was engaged for the Walking Ladies. The first character she assumed in that city was May Fielding, in "Dot." At the close of the season she was secured by John T. Ford, of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. During the season she appeared in several pieces which gained for her quite a reputation as a reliable actress. The next season she was engaged by Leonard Grover for his Washington Theatre, where she became a favorite with the audience. This was during the winter season of 1863. During the engagement of R. E. J. Miles at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Miss Anderson volunteered for his benefit, and appeared for the first time as Mazeppa. This was Nov. 6th, 1863. She rode one of Mr. Miles' horses, and showed an intrepid daring which is quite rare in a first appearance. She was greeted with loud and frequent applause, and the impression she made was a remarkably favorable one. She was then secured by Manager Glenn, of the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, for a six nights star engagement, and appeared as Mazeppa. She opened to one of the largest audiences seen in that building, and throughout the week achieved a grand success. She then proceeded West with Mr. Miles, and in conjunction with him played a one week's star engagement at Fuller's Louisville Theatre. Returning to Norfolk, she fulfilled a two weeks engagement with Manager Glenn. During her stay there she appeared in "Mazeppa," and also studied and played the "Outlaw Steed," "Margaret Catchpole," "Putnam," &c., in each of which she acquitted herself very creditably. On the 11th of January, 1864, she opened as "Mazeppa" at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and is said to have excited the wildest applause by her bold and dashing impersonation. From Boston she went to Springfield, Mass., thence to Louisville for a second engagement. While there she played in "Mazeppa" and in "Hernes the Hunter." Commenced a brief engagement Nov. 7th, 1864, at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., and left there about three weeks ago. During her sojourn in Troy she appeared as Evaline in "The Lady of Lyons," Ophelia in "Hamlet," and other prominent characters. Miss Anderson is at present in this city busily engaged preparing for a starring tour through the United States in conjunction with Mr. H. B. Gates and his trained mare Black Bess, and will probably commence a brief engagement at the New Bowery Theatre with "Mazeppa." Miss Anderson is young, pretty, with a finely developed figure—which, by the way, she displays to the fullest advantage—and a piquant air that may make her a favorite wherever she appears. As Mazeppa she is represented as being excellent; as an equestrienne, dashing, fearless and intrepid, and manages her steed with the ease and nerve of a life-long reinsman. She is admirably suited for the range of characters she has made her speciality, and will no doubt make her mark in the career in which she has embarked. Displaying, as she does, ability of a high order, with an earnest desire to please, we wish her every success.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A DISPUTED MATCH.—A correspondent at Germantown, Pa., sends us the following particulars of a pigeon shooting match which took place there recently, and asks us to decide upon the two points at issue. As the matter may be of interest to the lovers of this sport, we give the letter in full:

GERMANTOWN, Pa., Jan. 19th, 1865.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER:—Please decide the following dispute: A and B agree to shoot a match at 15 birds each for $200 a side. Articles were drawn up and signed, and a day appointed, when both parties met at the designated place. Each selected a judge, and shooting commenced. When they had shot at 8 birds a piece their score of dead birds was equal. A now wanted B to stop shooting for that day, as they had seven birds each to shoot at, and it was raining very hard, and getting quite dark. B objected, and declared he would shoot the match out that day, and if A left the ground he would claim the stakes. Accordingly they recommenced and shot at two more birds each. B missing both and A killing one. It was now quite dark, and B, who was one bird behind, seeing the chances were in A's favor, wanted A to stop shooting. A refused on the ground that it was B's own proposition to shoot the match out that day. B now borrowed A's rammrod to draw the charge, and when A asked for it back to load his gun B told him he had given it to some outsider to hold. A wished to borrow B's gun to shoot out the match, but the latter refused to lend it, and the match was broken up for that day. A wanted B to appoint another day to shoot off the match, and named several different days, but B refused to agree to any of them, and declares he will not shoot off the match unless another bird in place of the last that was trapped for him is allowed him, declaring that he did not see the bird fly. The questions we wish you to decide is, 1st. Can B claim another bird. 2d. Can A claim the money? Yours truly, W. GOBIN.

[There can be no difficulty in deciding the above points. 1st. B cannot claim another bird—2d. A is entitled to the money if B refuses to shoot out the match. The subterfuge of B is a mean and paltry one.—ED. CLIP.]

THE TRAP IN IOWA.—About six weeks ago the Pella Shooting Club challenged the Keokuk Shooting Club, and the match came off on the 17th. Pella is 120 miles from Keokuk on the Desmoines R. R. The following is the score:

KEOKUK CLUB.		PELLA CLUB.	
Henry Tebelman	11010111—6	John Dollery	10000011—3
John Stannus	10110010—4	P. F. Royce	10111110—6
Wm. Stannus	11110111—7		—
T. Bowden	01101101—4	Total	30
	—		
Total			
Jo. Harvey	11101110—6	Ed. Griswold	10111001—5
Dan McMichaels	01010000—2	A. Penroy	10100000—2
H. S. Hall	11001010—4		—
J. M. Huiskamp	01000011—3	Total	22

SPORTS ABROAD.

SCULLING MATCH BETWEEN GEORGE DREWITT AND JOHN MACKINNEY FOR £100.—The match entered into on November 17th last, between the above-named aquatic celebrities, was originally fixed to come off on Tuesday, Dec. 27th; but, by mutual consent, was deferred until Wednesday, Dec. 28th, in consequence of the affair clashing with the second day named for Boating Steeple Chases. The agreement was to row in the best or most convenient boats they could find, a condition which it need hardly be said caused very little trouble to the aspirants. The Childe Harold was the umpire's boat, the Citizen L being also chartered for the benefit of the competitors. Drewitt is a landsman, and has rowed many races since the commencement of his career in 1857. Mackinney is a waterman, but has never figured much as a sculler, although he has been the recognised champion in several first-class encounters. George Drewitt is twenty-nine years of age, and his opponent thirty-seven. Drewitt trained at Mr. Wilcox's, Barnes, where he derived considerable assistance in his practice with Tom King. Mackinney hailed from Mr. Salter's, Wandsworth, having been under the tuition of George Hammerton. Betting in town was even. Mr. Herbert Playford, of the London Rowing Club, officiated as referee. Jockey Driver took up Drewitt, whilst John Phelps acted as Mackinney's pilot. The betting changed near the start, for £50 to £40 was freely laid on Drewitt, who weighed about 10st. 8lb., while Mackinney pulled down 11st. 10lb. The latter having won the toss, took the Middlesex shore, and the start was effected a few minutes after two o'clock, there being very little tide running. George rowed in the boat in which Frank Kilsby beat Biffen—the other in one of Messenger's craft. Mr. Wilcox acted as umpire for Drewitt, but he lost the toss, remarking that he had never won a toss for station in his life. George Hammerton officiated for his pupil, whose color was a white and red border. The opposition colors were a mazarine ground with a neat white spot. The signal having been at length given, the men pulled away from the Aqueduct Bridge, Mackinney with a decided advantage in the start, but Drewitt soon got his boat in front, and was as nearly as possible half a boat's length ahead, his style of rowing being unmistakably the better of the two. The veteran rowed pluckily, but he never was enabled to bring himself level with his opponent. He strained every nerve to become so at the Willows, but again it was a failure. At the Crab Tree, George led by four clear lengths; they then crossed over by the Soapworks, and Drewitt's advantage was materially increased; in fact, at Barnes Bridge he was leading by half a dozen lengths, and eventually won easily by five lengths. The time taken at the first bridge was 10 min. 9 sec, and the winner did the distance in 26 min. 10 sec.

A SET OF SUCKERS.—The visit of the English Eleven cricketers to Australia cost somebody something, and liquoring up was no small item in the bill of expenses, as will be seen by perusing the following statements brought out in a recent suit at law, in which John Jacob was plaintiff, and James Leigh defendant. The nominal damages laid in the declaration was £400. The total amount of plaintiff's claim was £296 10s. 6d. The defendant pleaded that, except as to £150 7s. 6d., which he now paid into court, he was never indebted, and that he had tendered this sum before the action was brought. The real dispute was about a sum of £56 10s. for drinks supplied to "the Eleven" at luncheon and at the bar.

It was proved that the drink had been supplied, and that the charges were reasonable. It was even sworn that there had rather been an omission to charge, than any overcharges. The English cricketers, it was sworn, were very often "treated," but seldom treated any one in return. When they did so, they paid. Nothing, therefore, was charged for but what the English cricketers had themselves drunk. But some of the drinks were of an expensive character, such as soda-water and claret or soda-water and brandy, in the morning, and champagne, claret, hock, etc., during the day. The inclemency of the weather and the consequent detention, indoors, of the cricketers, were assigned as reasons why more had probably been drunk than would have been drunk if the weather had been fine and the match had gone on without break. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed—£56 10s.

From the above we should infer that the English cricketers are a mean set, since they treated no one; that they can't drink anything, oh no! and that their quailing proclivities were all owing to the weather.

JEM WARD'S DEFINITION OF THE COUNTER HIT.—"Two gentlemen in Dublin argued this point and 'agreed to differ,' referring the matter to the famed ex-Champion, Jem Ward, who decided as follows:—A counter-hit is when two men strike at the same time, or in ring *parlance*, 'land' simultaneously. Near forty years ago I saw Dan Donnelly and Tom Oliver fight, both *countered* at the same moment, hit each other at the same moment, and knocked each other down, and they fell seven yards apart from the effects of each other's blow. That is the definition of a counter-hit. The veteran Jem then invites his old acquaintances, and says he will be ever ready to give a friendly practical illustration of the true counter-hit if they give him a call at the Opera Stores in Bow-street. Good for Uncle James.

JUDD AND TAYLOR, FOR £30.—These Hunslet men met at an early hour on Monday, Dec. 19, to decide their fistic abilities, for £15 a side. The affair came off without interruption near Swinton Station, on the Midland Railway. The lads fought a most determined battle, in the course of which the tide of events changed several times. Ultimately, at the termination of 1 hour and 14 minutes, during which sixty rounds were fought, Judd was declared the winner. Both men were severely punished, but he was in such splendid condition that he was enabled to outlast his opponent, despite his scientific visitations.

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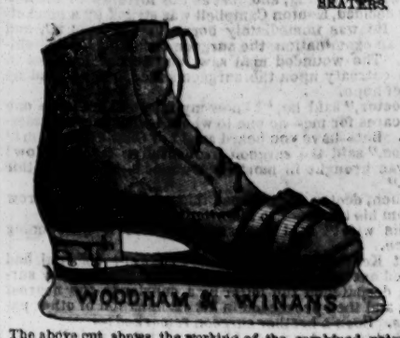

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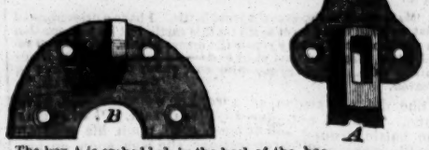

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THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her golden ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the winds come blowing merry and chill,
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a pompous curl,
Or in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest trick with the little maid,
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh! western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To gladfully, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he so gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

PARTED.

A Story of the War.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY IRENE VANSANT.

"Leave me—leave the house! I never wish to see you again!"

"By Heaven, I will! You shall not be annoyed by my presence in future."

They were husband and wife—these two who were so fiercely quarreling, and paradoxical as it may seem, loved each other with a most intense devotion. While he was proud, and she was quick-tempered, once roused, slower, would bear more; but a quarrel—the most serious implacable as destined life—had but a slight beginning—a remark—a sarcastic answer, and the ning—soon fanned into a flame.

In a paroxysm of anger, with clenched hands and flushed face, the young wife gave utterance to an untruth that was destined to lie like a dreary night upon her heart for months of wretchedness, that to her seemed like years, an untruth repented of as soon as uttered—

"I never wish to see you again!"

"By Heaven, I will go! You shall not be annoyed by my presence in future;" and he passed quickly from the room—quickly, yet with the deadly pallor of intense anger on his brow.

She sank into a chair, all her pulses thrilled with horror as the vague idea came to her that perhaps he might leave her. Already she repented those hastily-spoken words. But a few moments elapsed when she heard his step in the hall. She listened; he passed the door; he was not coming in then. In a vague terror she rushed out and intercepted him.

"Charles, Charles; forgive me," she cried. "I did not, indeed I did not mean it!"

"Marian," he replied, "this is the second time you have ordered me to leave you—the second time you have said my presence was disagreeable to you; and, Marian, it has been the last. Farewell!"

He pushed past her, paused a moment on the threshold, and was gone. While Marian—with hands outstretched towards him in vain supplication, striving, yet unable to speak, to implore him to come back—knelt where he had left her. As he paused a wave of joy came surging to her heart; but when he closed the door behind him, thus, as it were, raising an impassable barrier between them, the momentary gleam of hope retreated, leaving her in blacker darkness than before. Poor young wife, but lately become a mother! Did her momentary outburst of temper deserve this terrible punishment? It is New Year's day, too! Oh! what a beginning of the new year! After a while she rises, weak and languid, and totters into the parlor—that parlor in which but one short hour before she had been so happy! As she looked around upon the familiar objects now tinted with the sombre hue of her own thoughts, she gave way to a passion of tears that were a blessed relief to the overcharged heart.

"He will not leave the city immediately," she thought. "I will write him and beg him to return."

Seizing pen and paper, she hurriedly scrawled—

"Charles—dear Charles—can you leave me for those few words uttered in blind anger? Come back to me; or, if you can desert me, can you leave your innocent child—to you know not what fate? Oh, Charles! for her sake forgive me and return.

MARIAN."

She rang the bell and a servant appeared. Controlling her voice by an effort,

"Thomas," she said, "your master went out an hour ago. I wish you to find him and give him this note."

The man bowed and started upon his errand, and Marian went to the nursery; and, bending over her unconscious infant, shed such tears as women seldom shed.

"Oh!" she murmured, "he cannot, surely he cannot resist that appeal! He will return to me and to his babe, and I—oh! I will in future control this imperious temper that is constantly leading me into trouble! Oh! Father in Heaven!" she prayed, "send him back to me!"

She heard the door open; eagerly she flew down the stairs; but it was only the servant. Heartsick with disappointment she leaned against the wall, unable to utter a syllable, yet questioning the servant with eager eyes.

"He was just a comin' out uv a recrutin' office, ma'am, when I give him your note; and when he read it he jist turned white about the mouth, and said 'too late,' kind o' to himself, like, and then he writ you this note."

She snatched the paper from the hands of the honest Irishman in her eagerness to possess it. She tore it open. It was but a few words.

"Marian, your note came too late. Had I received it sooner I might, perhaps, have returned; but now it is impossible. I have enlisted in the army, in a regiment just on the point of starting, and ere you receive this I shall have left the city. I have no hope that we shall meet again. Do not let my child forget her father. Marian, my wife, farewell. CHARLES."

She read it through to the end in a strange, unnatural calm, did not faint—did not even shed a tear! No! her desolation was too deep for tears—her very heart was benumbed! She quietly went back to her child, and took up the burden of her lonely life in silence.

* * * * * *

Nine months have passed away. It is the glorious autumn time. The forests are gorgeous with their robes of crimson and gold; but in the forest of which I have to tell there are other marks than those of natural decay. The trees are scarred and seamed—the bark torn from their branches on the ground—and here and there dark pools of clotted gore. This, with the few tents scattered about, tells the story. There had been a battle—a slight skirmish, rather—and now, at a short distance, the hostile armies were encamped almost within sight of each other, waiting for the morrow, when a battle would be fought. In a tent, busily engaged in writing, sits Chas. Graham, now promoted from a private to the rank of lieutenant. As he finishes and folds the paper, a brother officer enters.

"Ha, Charley! writing to your sweetheart, eh?" laughed Kenton Campbell. Charles did not answer, and the other continued. "I thought you were a woman hater, by the way you resisted the siege Miss Thornberg carried on with such spirit; but, from present appearances, I should judge the fortress was already occupied."

"You are right," Charles calmly replied.

"Indeed! Well, I am considered good at guessing, and I commend your prudence in writing in anticipation of to-morrow's fight, for it will be a hard one, and your regiment will be exposed to a murderous fire."

"Kenton," said Lieutenant Graham, "I have a favor to ask of you. I have a presentiment that to-morrow will be my last day on earth. If I should fall"—and his voice trembled slightly—"will you take charge of this package, and deliver it to the lady whose name it bears?"

"Most assuredly I will, Charles, but you must not give way to these morbid fancies." He took the packet, eyeing it curiously. "Marian Graham—your sister, I suppose?"

"My wife."

"Your wife? Why, I never dreamed that you were married."

"Nevertheless, I am. You will deliver this safely and immediately in case I should fall."

"Certainly, my dear fellow." And they separated, never to meet again.

The next morning the battle commenced. It was a terrific struggle, and crowned with victory to the Federal arms, but oh! how dearly bought! I will not attempt to describe the scene. Dead and wounded, men and horses, heaped promiscuously together where some desperate charge had been made, or scattered here and there over less exposed portions of the field. Ah! who can describe the desolation that a victory, as well as a defeat, carries to the hearts and homes of the north? The agony of suspense, then, when the names are at length published! How fearfully the paper is unfolded, every nerve thrilling with a cold terror! Then when suspense is certainty, what a picture rises before the vision of wife, or mother, or sister! A pale, cold face—a bleeding, ghastly form lying upon the cold ground, with glassy eyes upturned, gasping out the last breath, with no friendly hand to hold a cup of water to the parched lips, or wipe the death-damp from the brow. This is a sombre view, but wives, mothers, sisters of the north, tell me, is it too gloomy? Talk not to me of glorious victories, I have been behind the scenes—I know the full meaning of the word. But I am wandering from my story.

Towards evening, and just as the fortunes of the day were decided, Kenton Campbell was struck by a musket-ball. He was immediately borne to the hospital, and after an examination the surgeon shook his head doubtfully. The wounded man saw, and turned his eyes in mute entreaty upon the surgeon's face, but he read no sign of hope.

"Doctor," said he, "I know my fate. There is no one who cares for me—no one to whom I wish to send a message. But—have you heard aught of Charley Graham?"

"Yes," said the surgeon, mournfully. "Poor fellow! he was brought in mortally wounded—is dead by this time."

"Then, doctor, please send this packet"—and he drew it from his bosom—"to his wife."

"His wife?" said the surgeon, with a questioning glance.

But Kenton Campbell did not answer; his soul had drifted out into the ocean of eternity. The worthy surgeon despatched the letter by a courier to the nearest post, and then proceeded in his examination of other patients. Soon a brother surgeon remarked:—

"That is a bad wound of Lieutenant Graham's."

"Bad wound? I thought he was dead!"

"No; there is a very slight chance that he may recover."

* * * * * *

Marian Graham was sitting in the twilight shadows, musing on her life, wrecked by one single moment of fierce anger. Her child lay in her lap, and as she bent to trace its father's features in its face, a ring of the door-bell startled her. Rising, she lit the gas just as the servant entered and handed her a packet. Hastily tearing it open, a miniature of herself fell from it. "He is dead!" she said, in a husky whisper, as she unfolded the note.

"MARIAN: It is the eve of a great battle. I have a presentiment that we shall never meet again on this earth, but let us hope that in another world we may repair the errors of this. When you receive this, Marian, do not yield to despair—you must live for our child's sake. Farewell, my wife and child, until we meet in Heaven. CHARLES GRAHAM."

She did not swoon, as a weaker woman would have done. "I must not give way," she said. "I will go to the battle-ground, and at least gaze upon his grave." Hastily making her preparations, she was soon on her way, and four days after the battle she inquired of one of the surgeons of the hospital if he could tell her "where Lieutenant Graham was buried." The surgeon stared in surprise.

"Why, madam, he is not buried. He was dangerously wounded, but he is doing well, and the chances are that he will recover."

"Thank God!" and with a faint cry, Marian sank to the floor. Joy had done what grief could not—she had fainted.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting of the long separated husband and wife, or the tedious recovery—tedious in spite of Marian's care and gentle nursing. But at last, on New Year's morning, they were again at home—the home that had witnessed so much of sorrow, but which was henceforth a haven of peace.

MR. PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

Some General Rules for Acting.

BEFORE attempting to lay down rules for the guidance of actors in particular lines of business, there are some general principles, applicable to all acting, which must be carefully borne in mind.

It is very commonly said that the object of the stage is "to hold the mirror up to Nature, and show the age and body of the time its form and purpose." This is a maxim of Shakespeare, and, like the rest of his directions to the players in "Hamlet," may have been all very well in the infancy of the theatre, but you might just as well say that we should bring back the naked boards with plain curtains at the back, the indication of changes of scene by printed placards, and the few ragged servingmen who did duty for our crowds of supers, because such were the appointments of Shakespeare's stage, as that we should accept his immediate conceptions of the actor's art.

Like all other branches of the fine arts, the representation of the stage begins without Art, and ends without Nature. It passes from child-like imitation to imaginative invention. Shakespeare's actors were in the first stage; you are, or should be, in the last. You may therefore safely conclude that if holding the mirror up to Nature be compatible with other and higher objects, there is no objection to it; but that if Nature puts you out, as she is pretty sure to put out all who are not slavishly subservient to her, she may be thrust on one side without hesitation.

Never forget that while on the stage you ought to consider yourself the most important figure in the picture. In the same way that you should, as a general rule, avoid distracting your mind by any consideration of the other parts in the piece, and concentrate yourself on your own, it is important, as regards appearance, that you should think, above all things, of yourself. Never mind the part. That is the actor's business. It is yours to produce a favorable impression on the public, and to enhance your value in the eyes of the manager. For this purpose, you must never allow yourself to be disfigured. This rule applies especially to the ladies. If the author forgets himself so far as to give you the part of an old, ugly, or disagreeable female, do your best to defeat his malignant intention, by making up as youthfully, prettily and coquettishly as possible. For the same reason, decline, whenever possible, characters which the author means to be odious, or, if you must act them, take out as much as you can of their offensive elements. You will thus be a pleasant instead of a repulsive figure in the picture; the public eye and mind will be pleased; and should the author, as he very probably will, grumble—for these people are never satisfied—you can have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done him a kindness against his will.

The stage is, even now, not without examples of artists so deplorably mistaken as habitually to forget themselves in their parts. They are so deficient in self-respect, that they allow themselves to become mere puppets in the author's hands, and to be made odious, ugly, old, or disagreeable at his pleasure. What is the consequence? The public talks a great deal about the part, but it overlooks the personality of the actor, whose mistake thus properly punishes itself by reducing him to insignificance.

Always reserve yourself till you have to speak. In real life people habitually betray emotion or passion by their looks and gestures, while others are speaking, or while watching an action; but the author has given you words to express what you feel, and it is never wise to anticipate them. One may now and then see actors whose looks and byplay are a perpetual comment on the action of the scene, just as they are in real life. This is at once an impertinence to the comrades, and an intrusion on the attention of the audience, which ought to be concentrated on the speaker. Guard yourself, therefore, against letting out what you feel, till your cue comes, then suddenly throw off your immobility of face and figure, and "up and at them." This will give relief and vivacity to your impersonations.

The intervals during which the other actors are speaking should be to you so many opportunities of repose—breathing times for fresh effort. Make up the most agreeable face, and take the most graceful gesture you can, and keep it, whenever you are not delivering what is set down for you.

Never allow yourself to be thrust into the background by those who are with you on the stage. Get well back, whenever possible, so as to bring your own face well in the public eye, and to keep your interlocutor out of it.

Applause is the real test of the actor's success. Go in for it with determination. There are many little arts which may be successfully employed to awaken the apathy of a dull house.

Among the surest is to be loud and emphatic towards the conclusion of a rapidly delivered speech, being careful to "take the stage" at the same moment, and to strike an attitude as near the proscenium as possible. This, with an appealing look at the house, seldom fails to bring down a good round.

Always insist on having good speech for your exit. It is cruel to send an actor off the stage in dead silence, as authors will often do, if not properly looked after, on the selfish plea that a striking speech at this particular point would be inconsistent with the character, or incompatible with the general effect.

See that your walk on the stage is carefully distinguished from that of people in actual life. This applies both to serious and comic acting. The stage walk is, however, so generally practiced in the profession that it is hardly necessary to insist on this rule.

Your stage voice should be equally distinguishable from that used by you when off the stage. I do not refer merely to the greater distinctness of enunciation required to make yourself audible in a large space; but to the management of the larynx and organs of speech altogether. Ladies will find it useful to practice a special stage gamut, both for pathos and fun, which, as a general rule, should bring into play a set of notes hardly ever resorted to in real life.

If your part is a bad one, do not be led away by the author's invidious assurance that something may still be done with it. You have only two courses before you—to let it down by the run, or to force it up into exaggerated importance. Which course is to be followed in any case must be determined by circumstances. Either will be a caution to the author to treat you with more consideration in future.

"Cauls" used to be much trusted in as preservatives from drowning. They are still often useful in keeping afloat theatrical reputations.

Always work for a call at the fall of the curtain. If one comes, however faint and doubtful, take it boldly. It will be sure to swell to enthusiasm on your appearance behind the float. The public loves to recognize everything which shows a genial confidence in its judgment and generosity. If the call do not come of itself, it is well to have some friends in the house to remind the public of what it owes you. It is rare, indeed, that a generous example is not followed by the public. In the case of the ladies, it is hardly necessary to say, that a little timely precaution may always secure not only a call, but a shower of bouquets.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

A Romance of Show Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We were a merry set—I mean myself and companions, all belonging to a travelling show, where all sorts of performances were given, ranging from a tragedy of the most harrowing incidents to a short burlesque of the most uproarious nature; but I think the merriest of all was Tom Raddle, our low comedian, comic singer, and buffoon in general. I never knew a fellow of more genial and ready wit, or one who could so adapt himself to the piece in which he was cast a part, or to the audience before whom he showed. He was quite a good-looking fellow too—a single man, but kind and generous to everybody; no inebriate, though he could take his horn with the best, and grew talkative over it; and to crown all, he had an immense partiality for long walks in the country. Winter or summer, fair weather or foul, sunshine or gloom, it was all the same to him. He *would* cover his ten miles every day; and what was singular in the case, he never was laid up in consequence, and when talked to on the subject, would declare with a mirth moving zest that he was of "Billy Shakespeare's opinion, that it was best to throw physic to the dogs."

I remember that we had settled down for a month in a certain place, where, though it was sharp wintry weather, we intended to continue our performances. It was in a section of this world where the canvas is spread and the poles driven into the ground in winter as well as summer. It was a military town where plenty of soldiers were to be seen—a town, also, whose neighborhood was dotted with the warriors of divers "first families," as they are called, and some first-rate schools for young ladies. The consequence was that our audiences were full and brilliant, consisting for the greater part of "fair women (the majority in Misshood) and brave men." I believe Byron was the originator of the words. Anyhow, I use them at a respectful distance from that lordly author, or whoever they may have emanated from.

I have often noted in my career as a mummer, how the extremes of an audience often meet. I noticed this particularly in the place and at the date I am speaking about, where and when I was a pleased spectator of the one great effect our "spiriting" had on the old military officer and the young curly-headed girl—the man who had led his legions where the "iron shower" was heavy, the blue-eyed juvenile whose mind was divided between candies and a doll. These extremes of our audiences, with all the intermediate grades, did honor to our performances in the same manner—to our *comic* performances in particular. A great favorite with all was Tom Raddle, who often received invitations from the officers in barracks to make one at their mess table—invitations which he accepted when he could, and in a manner particularly his own.

It was January—really the coldest January I ever remember. Still we did a thriving business, and made our place a very palace of warmth and comfort within, though, out of doors, all things were frozen—the river, the roads, the air. The breath, as it was exhaled, turned visibly into icy dew, and indeed so all embracing was this cold, as to induce Tom to remark in his own quaint way, that false swearers, scandalizers, and profane talkers ought to be on their guard, lest the words they uttered should be frozen, and when the sun shone out again, be melted, and so attest against them.

All this time our merry man had been constant in his walking exercise—going forth in a simple overcoat, comforter, and woolen gloves, and coming back glowing with health and full of high spirits.

In this coldest of all Januaries, there was the coldest of all days included in the thirty-one belonging to the month. Words cannot describe its intensity. It was a gloomy looking day too, a strong easterly wind blowing, pressaging, in unison with the aspect of the clouds, a heavy fall of snow. It was a day so cold indeed that nobody thought to deprive Tom Raddle from taking his habitual walk, simply because nobody thought he could—so cold that many of us entertained serious doubts whether there would be any performance of the show that evening. Later in the afternoon these doubts resolved themselves into a certainty, our manager causing bills to be circulated to that intent.

It was a terrible time truly. The promised snow storm came, burying former accumulations of the frozen element under this, the latter—the wind all the while blowing furiously. "God help the poor creatures out in such a season!" exclaimed many of us. Not one suspected that his or her old associate was so exposed. No; Tom Raddle had crept to his own fireside, and there was luxuriating. A terrible, terrible night. Even the taverns had been closed up at a comparatively early hour.

The weather next day was very different—not so cold by many degrees, with an entirely blue sky, and a bright sun. Our show would be re-opened then, and a famous "house" we might depend on.

We assembled at the usual hour, and began to talk about the yesterday, the people all the while coming in. Incidentally the name of Raddle chanced to be mentioned, and then it transpired that he had not been seen that day—that he was not in the show then, though it was his time to be there. This, we thought, was strange, and presently had our curiosity and anxiety awakened on being told he had not shown himself *yet*. We were all put to the *non-plus*, the manager particularly so. A messenger was sent to Tom's house, and the news he brought back was, that Mr. Raddle had not been seen since the noon of the preceding day. Then, against the earnest counsel of his landlady, he had started on his usual walk, observing whimsically that the weather would not harm him—that he did not think his day was come, and was sure that he had never been ordained to die through frost and snow.

From his lodgings to the tavern he most usually visited—the same story there. "What has become of him?" This was the inquiry which his familiars put to themselves, with a vague fear that something bad had overtaken him. But it was useless to linger over possibilities then. The place was filling rapidly; the performers were assembling, and the waltz-olio would soon commence. It was essential that something of a decisive nature should be done at once, and it *was*. The manager appeared before his patrons, looking melancholy, as all managers do under similar circumstances, and made an apology. It was to the effect that Mr. Raddle could not be found. Search had been made for him high and low, near and far, but without the desired effect. In consequence of this "untoward event," somebody would appear in the place of Mr. R., and it was hoped that the "generosity so characteristic of a distinguished audience" would not be refused on the occasion.

It is quite apart from my object to dilate on the performances of our show that night. I must proceed to relate what took place afterwards, commencing with the serious talk about our missing companion. "What has become of him?" Such was the general inquiry, and those who put it looked into each other's faces for a solution of the doubt it implied, but vainly.

The night passed—still no Tom Raddle; the next day, with the same record; the next day to that, the same blank again. Things had now reached a sort of climax, and it was the general opinion that some active steps should be taken to ascertain what had become of our old companion. The manager came to our aid here by proposing an exploring expedition by the whole of his male company. This was thought well of, and we soon organized ourselves into squads of twos, threes, and fours, each squad taking a different tour in the outskirts of the town to the extent of ten miles.

For three weary days we continued at this work; but in the whole time never caught sight of Raddle—gained no word of intelligence about him. It seemed as though the poor fellow had been suddenly spirited away. This we knew could not have been. He was a mortal, and whatever had become of him, it must have been through a mortal agency. It will seem extraordinary to the reader, that through all this time we had never associated Raddle's probable fate with the snow all around us. But so, in truth, we never had.

* * * * * *

Spring had come round once more, and we were three hundred miles from the place we had passed the winter in. Poor Raddle! we had given him up as a lost sheep, though we often recurred to him affectionately. His position in our show was now occupied by another man, but he was not so clever a fellow as Tom had been.

On a particular day (I remember it was a very genial one) we were engaged in the rehearsal of a novelty soon to be produced at our show), when the manager joined us, carrying a newspaper in his hand. A particular part of it was scored with ink. A glance at the heading proved it to have come from the place wherein we had passed the "cold term."

With no preliminary save that of a civil request for our silence and attention, our manager commenced to read a long and elaborate account of the discovery of the body of a dead man in a glen, about eight miles from the place where we had been performing. The occurrence was of no very remote date—only a few weeks, in fact—and had immediately followed the melting away of the snow in that particular spot. The body had been wonderfully preserved, and after undergoing the ordeal of a coroner's inquest, had been decently buried. There had been no difficulty in recognizing the identity. It was all that remained of our merry man, Raddle!

Thus was what otherwise would have remained a doubt throughout all our future lives rendered a certainty. We knew what had been the fate of our old associate. Poor Tom!

THE BASSO PROFUNDO.

He sat with one leg carelessly thrown over the other, enjoying such a meal as he had not sat down to for many a long year, and at the same time studying, from a page of MSS. music, a part in a certain very effective chorus, belonging to an opera then about to be brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre. There could be no question that this individual was Marco Carbono; there could be as little that he had succeeded in obtaining the engagement he had so much desired; it was equally evident that he was losing no time in preparing himself for the rehearsal, which was announced for 12 o'clock that morning. He ate as he sang, and then he drank as he sang, that is to say, the Basso Profundo emitted a series of sonorous sounds ranging from C below the bass cleff to G upon it, the lower notes apparently having the preference, the lowest, literally "the deep, deep C," being dwelt upon with a still more decided partiality.

Then would come so many bars' rest, which the singer devoted to his meal—occasionally, in his efforts to mark the time carefully in accordance with the metronome on the piano, being obliged to swallow his hot coffee, or get rid of his savory omelette with more dispatch than appeared to be quite agreeable to his feelings. Italian choruses, as every one knows, deal largely in invocations to Heaven, and are particularly strong in denunciations and blessings, whenever the situation which they illustrate demands either. It is not easy to convey to the reader, without using the language of the libretto, an idea of the effect which Signor Carbono was producing whilst learning his part under such circumstances, but he or she will be so good as to imagine the bass notes expressing the following sentiments *fortissimo* as the passage was marked in the score:

"See, see, O horror! Oh, dreadful day!
O, harrowing scenes! O, thrice-accursed fray!"

The basso having concluded this, took a gulp from the coffee-cup as he counted two bars, and then resumed—

"We saw him fall. We see him bleed,
We cry to Heaven, avenge the horrid deed!"

The Signor cried to Heaven very lustily at least a dozen times, and then avenged the horrid deed as many more. After this he played his knife and fork, and went through the process of mastication for a rest of six bars. Suddenly, with his mouth half full, he recommenced, See, see, O horror!" and went over the passage again with such energy that the parlor rivalled a certain chamber in Madame Tussaud's exhibition. Presently he stopped his repetitions, emptied his cup deliberately, buttered some dry toast he took from the plated rack, and helped himself liberally to sausage, his wife watching his movements with increased interest. "What would you like for dinner to-day, Mr. Carbono?" she asked in a low tone of voice, as if half afraid to disturb his study. "Ah!" exclaimed her husband, with the liveliest animation expressed in his bright eyes, "The dear English wife inquire of me my dinner before I have made my breakfast. It is good. It amuse the bad Marco Carbono. It delight his wicked heart—

"See, see, O horror! Oh, dreadful day!"

Again the domesticated creature repeated her important question. Her husband laughed good-humoredly. "There is not such a good little wife in all Italy as my good English wife," he said. "Cospetto! I hug myself on my good fortune fifty times a day. I say to myself, you bad Marco, you wretched old Carbono, what have you done to have such an angel to take care of you? I hold up my head as I walk along the promenades where the great and the rich have their fine equipage, and I laugh at them the laugh of scorn, and say proudly, *O Signori*, I am greater than all of you, for I am happier. I am richer, for I am the husband of the best wife that ever lived anywhere in the world." "O, Mr. Carbono!" and the sensitive heart began to display its softness.

"We saw him fall! We see him bleed!"

The Signor recommenced his *affettuoso* with the voice of an amorous Colossus. The chorus singer at last seemed to consider himself perfect—he did not care how soon rehearsal came, he was prepared. So he made another attack on the viands, satisfied his appetite, and accepted a third cup of coffee from the hand of his attentive companion. She experienced a sensible relief when she beheld him put aside the music paper to which he had been paying such very profound attention.

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

Kissing Considered.

"Man waz made tew mourn," so warbled Burns, "and woman waz made tew kiss," so warbles Billings. One ov these centiments haz bin already immortalized, and the other I intend shall be az soon az the Legislater meets. I am not yet lusid how I shall bring the matter befoar that honorabel boddy; but I dew kno how the honorabel boddy feals on the subject, and how tha will ackt if ever tha hav a good chanse. To give a fertile and golden opinyun, upon kissing in the lump, and kissing in the detale, requires a man ov truth, and sum experiense in telling it, and alzo ov taste, and sum experiense in tasteing.

IN THE LUMP.

Kissing iz one ov thoze fu things that iz eazier dun than deskribed; in fack, about the onla way tew deskribe it well is tew do it well. It iz, without doubt, a verry anshunt enterprize; and judgeing from what we kno ov human natur in this latitude, it must hav struk Adam az a good investment when he fust diskovered hiz wife. If Adam didn't kiss Eve at sight he ain't the man I take him tew be; and if Eve didn't relish it, it must hav bin bekause it want well did. Thare iz one thing about kissing in the lump, different from the rest ov the fine arts, and that iz, it don't require enny edikashun tew dew it; I hav even thort that the more unedikated it waz did (provided it didn't miss the mark) the more touching it waz tew behold. But kissing iz a good deal like eating; thare iz not much fun (when a person iz hungry) in standing by, and see it did bi anuther fellow, if it iz did ever so well. It iz one ov the cheapess and healthyess luxurys ov the seazon, and don't sho enny dispositshun tew go out of fashion, and will keep sweet in enny climate. Upon the whole, if yu examin kissing in the lump closely, you will be led tew exclaim: Fustly, that it iz eazy tew hav it did, as it iz handy tew dew it. Sekundly, that it iz like Cowpers tea, it cures a man without corning him; and, Thirdly, it iz a frugal, highly consentrated, and reverend luxury.

IN DETAILE.

When we cum tew thro oph glittering generalitys and approach our subjeck in single file, it iz then that the divinitee ov the art seems to be spotted; and reveals tew us awl the shades ov pomp and sirkumstanze, from the sublime and tender, clear down tew the redikilus and tuff. Mother's kiss and little baby's kiss are az pure az the utterance ov angells; so iz the artless kiss ov sister Mary and—cousin Fanny; but there iz one cold, blu, lean kiss, that ulwus makes me shiver tew see. Two person (ov the femall purswashun) who hav witnesst a grate meany younger and more pulpy daze, meet in sum publik plase, and not having saw each uther for 24 hours tha kiss immegiately; then tha tork about the weather, and the young man who preached yesterday, and then tha kiss immegiately, and then tha blush and laff at what they sa tew each other, and kiss agin immegiately. I would not objeckt tew awl this if it want sich a waste ov sweetness on the dessart air. I am willing tew be sworn that this kind ov kissing alwus puts me in mind ov two olde flints trieing tew strike fire. How diffrent this from the konubial kiss i witnesst laste nite. I knu he wast a husband jist got back from a bizness tower, bi hiz haste. He passt me at the korner below, and awl unexpeckted enkountered hiz wife, and az natiral az the bee tew the flower, tha fu together. Thare want enny thing sentimental about that kiss; there want enny thing criminal about it. It rang out on the air az clear az the challenge ov a perlice offiser—it filled a whole block. Thare want mutch preliminary about it neither, for it smashed a 50 dollar bonnett, and muxed up a barricade ov edging and frizzled tucker. It want the fust one, it waz tew well did for that. It want the sipping ov two trembling lovers, afraid ov the echo; it want studdyed out nor stolen, but it wast full ov honest ripeness and chastened struggle which made me hanker for—for, one oph from the same peace. Jist one more remark and I am thru. There iz one kind ov kissing that haz alwus been deemed extra hazardus (on akount ov fire) and that iz kissing yure naber's wife. Gitting the wife's consent don't seem tew make the matter enny the less risky.

MORAL.—Don't eat onions during the kissing seazon unless yu chew them well.

SAM PATCH.—The love of fame or notoriety is a strong passion in the human breast. There are few persons who do not at some time in their lives build castles in the air and dream of greatness. The greatness and fame of Sam Patch are unlike those of Washington, who established a free government—unlike Dr. Kane, who made perilous voyages to the Polar Sea—unlike the fame of Miss Nightingale, who sought the battle-fields of the Crimea, and, like a ministering angel, nursed the sick and wounded soldiers. But still, Sam Patch was great in his way; he was a great jumper.

He was a native of New England, and became a laborer in a cotton factory at Pautucket, R. I., where he commenced his jumping career in the summer of 1829. He jumped the Passaic Falls at Patterson, N. J. He then went to the Falls of Niagara, and jumped from the end of Goat Island, between the Horse Shoe Falls and the American Falls. His last jump was at the Falls of Genesee, a distance of a hundred and twenty-five feet. In his previous jumps he has descended perpendicularly, feet foremost, and escaped injury; but in his last jump, he lost his balance, struck the water sideways and was probably killed by the concussion against the surface of the water.

LORD NORBURY, riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, one day, and chancing to pass a gallows, asked: "Where would you be, Purcell, if every man had his due?" "Alone in my carriage," was the reply.

SPORTS IN COURT.

Innocent Gambols of the Boys.

OUR Courts are becoming interesting places of public resort, and if the theatres and minstrels halls do not give us a better variety than they have been doing, it is highly probable that the legal tribunals will take the dilapidated cambric off the impecunious shrubbery, and monopolise the patronage of all lovers of spicy scenes in real life. Brothers Weed and Opdyke set this gutta percha ball in motion; then came Millspaugh—the injured husband—and Adams—the protector of injured innocence. Now, it is not a square thing that the so-called upper crust should have *all* the attention of our legal friends. So thinking, some of the sports have applied for a "hand in;" and, with its usual one-eyed reputation, Justice has given the boys a chance to appear and show cause why they, too, should not play their little parts in Court, and display before an appreciative audience the principal scenes and *dramatis personæ* in some of our city dramas. May it please the Court, gentlemen of the CLIPPER Jury, the case to which we beg to call your attention is that of James Irving against Louis Bieral, Moore, Friery, and Geoghegan. Of the merits or demerits of the case we know nothing except so far as we can form an opinion from the evidence submitted, and which we herewith append for the enlightment and entertainment of our readers, and as a sort of dessert after the prosy dishes set forth by Weed-Opdyke and Millspaugh-Adams. The details are spicy, and will no doubt be well relished by our friends. The hearing was had before Justice Dodge at the Jefferson Market Police Court on the 18th inst.

The examination into this case was continued on the 18th inst., in the Jefferson Market Police Court, before Justice Dodge. The case is brought by James Irving, 177 East Twenty-first street, one of the Tammany Hall General Committee, charging Louis Bieral, Matthew H. Moore, Barney Friery, Owen Geoghegan and others with a felonious assault upon him, with intent to kill. The examination into the case first came up on the 12th, when it appeared that the assault charged was committed on the 29th of December, 1864, in Tammany Hall, where the plaintiff was at the time attending to his business as one of the General Committee. The plaintiff on the stand testified that he was assaulted by Bieral and others with pistols and knives, and that threats were made to murder him. Owing to the absence of witnesses for the prosecution a further examination was postponed till Tuesday at two o'clock. A large number of the "fancy" and "shoulder-hitters" were in attendance, a great deal of interest being excited among them.

At an early hour after the opening of the court on Tuesday a large number of the friends of both sides were present, who took great interest in the proceedings, manifesting it in a boisterous manner at times, which the Justice soon checked.

The first witness called was for the prosecution.

Richard Allen, sworn, testified—Was present at the time of the difficulty in Tammany Hall; was standing at the bar, and saw a crowd rush in, Mr. Irving at the head; he backed into the room, and said to them, "What do you want to do?—do you want to murder me?" he had his hand inside his breast coat pocket, and I heard him say he would go with any one of them and fight; saw both pistols and knives in the hands of the crowd; saw a pistol in the hands of Bieral; saw half a dozen pistols in the hands of the crowd; heard threats made of boring holes in Mr. Irving and the like.

Cross-examined.—Did you see Mr. Irving draw the pistol from his coat? Saw a pistol in Bieral's hands before I saw Irving put his hand in his coat; Bieral was about twenty feet from Irving when he drew the pistol; could not swear it was either a knife or pistol in his hands; I only saw the glitter; the bar room was full, and I was afraid of getting hurt, and went outside; no shot was fired and no knife used that I knew of; no one was struck or maltreated.

Re-direct.—Did not notice who was at the head of the crowd when it rushed upon Irving.

At this point of the proceedings Mr. Spencer, counsel for the people, said he did not consider this a case to be decided now by the weight of evidence, but merely an examination to show cause or intent, and would now rest the case.

On the part of the defence, Mr. Peter Bowe, of No. 682 Fourth street, testified. Was at Tammany Hall on the 29th of Dec.; know Mr. Irving, as also the defendants; was outside when the difficulty commenced; saw Bieral and others go inside the bar room; staid outside about ten minutes; saw parties run outside and look into the window; then went inside and saw Irving behind a little counter at one end of the bar, Bieral standing in front of him; they were talking about fighting; Bieral wanted Irving to each take a friend and go outside and fight; Irving said he would go alone with him; Bieral would not go alone, as he said Irving would assassinate him; saw no weapon in the hands of Irving; did not see Bieral have a weapon.

Cross-examined.—Did not go inside for about ten minutes after the difficulty commenced; it was nearly over, but they were still jawing.

Edward M. Ewing sworn—Am barkeeper at Tammany Hall; know Mr. Irving; know Bieral; do not know the other defendants; on the night in question the crowd came through the hall into the barroom, Mr. Irving at the head, backing in; he said, "Keep this party off of me, they want to murder me;" he kept backing and backing to a small room off the barroom; Bieral pulled out a $500 bill and offered to bet it to one dollar that Irving had his (Bieral's) pistol in his pocket; did not have a full view of the parties, as I was behind the bar waiting on customers; did not see a pistol or knife drawn by any one; did not hear Bieral make use of the expression, "I will bore holes in you;" when Irving asked Bieral if he wanted to kill him, Bieral followed him up, and said Irving had his pistol in his pocket, and he wanted it, and also used some very hard words; did not hear Bieral say he did not want to kill him.

Cross-examined.—There were about six or eight men pursuing Irving at the time.

Henry Haight sworn.—Know the parties to the suit; was at Tammany Hall on the night in question, the 29th of December; heard some words between Irving and Bieral; Irving was at the back part of the bar room, against the wall; Bieral about four feet from him, in front; Bieral asked him if he would fight him, and Irving said he would not; had a full view of both parties; did not see in the hands of Bieral a pistol or other weapon; did not see Irving have any weapon; would have seen a pistol in Bieral's hands if he had drawn one; no shot was fired; left the room after Irving did.

Cross-examined.—The difficulty was about over when I got into the barroom.

Daniel Sanford sworn, deposed and said:—I live at 46 Charlton street; know Irving and Bieral; was at Tammany Hall the night of the difficulty; heard the two men quarrelling with each other in front of the bar; they said each other was a coward; Bieral said Irving was a coward, and he could make good all he said; saw Irving have a pistol in his hand; Bieral asked him "if he wanted to kill him?" Colonel Delavan got between the parties and separated them; Irving was first in the bar-room; did not see at any time that night a pistol or weapon in the hands of Bieral.

Cross-examined—Am a seaman; was at sea six months ago, in the transport General McClellan; went to Port Royal as a coal passer; have not been at work since; went to Tammany Hall with Michael Norton and others about half-past seven o'clock; was not present when Irving first came into the bar-room; can't say he was pursued by a crowd; the difficulty began by Bieral coming in alone and beginning to quarrel with Irving; heard Mr. Bieral use hard words, but can't remember them; saw a pistol in Irving's hand; Irving was standing with his back against the wall; Irving was there fifteen minutes before Bieral came in; he was peaceable before that time. Q. Now, sir, if Irving was there fifteen

and Geoghegan were at Tammany Hall, and that Irving was again to be beat.

Counsel for defence here rested the case, which was very ably summed up by Geo. T. Curtis for the defendants, and Chas. S. Spencer for the people. The decision of the Justice was reserved until this week.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. H. C., Washington, D. C.—We are debarred from giving your last five-move position on account of the following by S. Loyd, which we find copied in "*Sixes*," 1858, p. 126:—

WHITE.—K at his R's sq; Q at her R's 3d.

BLACK.—K at his B's 8th; P at K's 7th.

White to play and give mate in five moves. We have also seen the same position in several papers. Can you answer for us the following query—"Is there an organized chess club in Washington; and, if so, where is its place of meeting?"

LOUIS GOLDSMITH.—You asked us to give our opinion of your last; with the problem, we comply:—it is a neat little specimen (like the previous one) of a class of compositions that always please us far better than a complication of intricate ugliness, that looks as though it broke two or three sets of men to concoct. We trust you have many such for us in the future—say half a dozen during the year, as perfectly finished as these.

J. H. PRATZ, Washington.—We have not heard of any club in your city the present season; have forwarded the enquiry to our Washington correspondent.

H. A. BURR, Detroit.—That mate *is* forced in six moves, and we shall so announce it. We congratulate you on your own improvement in Chess, and the greatly improved care evinced in writing it out. These are the best games you have ever sent us.

E. T. WARNER, Jr., Wilmington, Del.—Your very appreciative note and remittance rec'd, and both books mailed on the 16th inst.; hope you'll be abundantly pleased with them. All success to your "Amateur Chess Club."

Enigma No. 464.

From the Era.

BY CHARLES WHITE.

at his 8, K 7, K 8, K 5th.

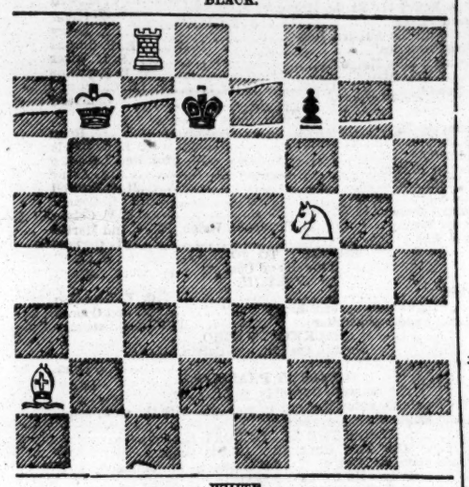
at his 8, K 7, K 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 464.

BY LOUIS GOLDSMID.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 464.

Partie in the present Tournament of the Brooklyn Chess Club, between Capt. Raymond and Frederick Perrin, Esq.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Capt. Raymond.	Defence, Mr. Perrin.	Attack, Capt. Raymond.	Defence, Mr. Perrin.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	21. K to his R 2	P to K 5 (e)
2. K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	22. P-Q Kt 4	P-K B 3
3. P-Q 4 (a)	Kt × K P (b)	23. P-Q Kt 5	Kt-K 4
4. K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	24. K Kt-K 3	Q R-K 8
5. Q × P	Q Kt-B 3	25. Q Kt-B 2	B × Q Kt
6. Castles	Q B-Kt 5 (c)	26. K Kt × B	P-K 6
7. Q B-B 4	K B-B 4	27. R-B 8 + (f)	K × K R
8. P-Q B 3	Castles	28. K Kt × R	K-his 2
9. K B × Kt	Q P × B	29. R-his R 3	P-K Kt 4
10. Q × Q (d)	Q R × Q	30. Kt-Q B 2	K-Q 3 (g)
11. K Kt-his 5	P-K B 3	31. Kt × K P	K-Q B 4
12. Kt × K P	B P × P	32. P-Q R 4	P-K R 4
13. K Kt × B	K B × B	33. P-R R 4	P-K Kt 5
14. P-K R 3	Q B-B 4	34. K-his B 4	Kt-Q 6 +
15. Q Kt-R 3	P-Q Kt 3	35. K-Kt 5 (h)	Kt-Kt 7
16. K Kt-B 6	Q R-Q 7	36. K × R P	Kt × R P
17. K Kt × B P	Q B-Q 6	37. P-Q B 4	Kt-Kt 7
18. K Kt-Q 5	K R-B 2	38. K × Kt P	K-Q 5
19. Q R-Q sq	K R × B P	39. P-R R 5	K-his 4
20. K B × R	Q R × B +	40. K-Kt 5, and wins.	

(a) An even game is the utmost the Attack can acquire from shaping the opening thus.

(b) 3...K P takes P is a better move.

(c) That the student may compare this promptly aggressive departure from the routine, by which Mr. Perrin so speedily acquired a superior development of game, we append Jœnisch' theoretical continuation:—

6.	K B to B 4	9. K B × Kt	Q × K B
7. P to Q B 4	Castles	10. Q Kt-B 3	Q-K B 4, and
8. B P × P	Q × Q P	the game is about equal.	

(d) Surely an injudicious exchange; from this point Mr. Perrin attains, and for a long series of moves retains, a much superior—nay more, a winning game.

(e) The fighting has been of the most earnest description, both players looking together and exerting their might for a death fall; but his superiority has not been wrenched from the Defence, and we submit that he now stands the probable victor of this *partie*. See, also, after the 26th move.

(f) The spirit with which he keeps up the battle is commendable—perhaps he did not despair of a draw.

(g) One of those cases in which, thinking he "wins anyhow," he takes about the most palpable course to lose all he had fought so well to gain. Indeed, one would think this move, and the rest of the Defence, by an entirely different hand from the preceding portion.

(h) These simple but well-timed advances are too direct and conclusive for the curvettings of the showy but time-wasting Cavalier.

CHEQUERS.

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To Correspondents.

THE FORTY-FOURTH GAME OF THE MATCH—WHITE'S OPENING.—This game was played the same as the sixteenth game.

E. L. HICHCOX.—We inquired several times at the agents in this city, and they informed us they were out of the work, and did not know that they could get it. We are glad to hear it can be obtained.

G. W. FOSTER, Sherman, N. Y.—May we have your answer to that solution soon?

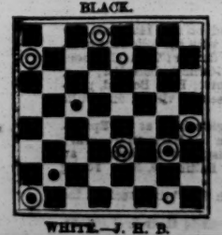
MOJAKE, Boston, Mass.—Your variation allows Black to draw easily. 25 to 22 is not as strong a move as 26 to 23, for White's 13th move. It is also given in the A. D. P. Your other queries attended to next week.

A MATCH AT DRAUGHTS is being played in this city, between Messrs. Clute and Luhrs. Twelve games are to be played, and seven have been played in two evenings, and the score stands Clute 1, Luhrs 2, Drawn 4. We give one of the games below, for the benefit of Draught players.

Position No. 39, Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

BLACK.



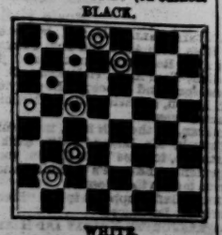
WHITE.—J. H. B.

White to move and win.

The 48th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (2d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Game No. 53—Vol. XII.

FORTY-FIFTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

DEFIANCE.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	20..18 to 27	32 to 23
2..9 14	27 23	21..1 5	17 18
3..8 11	22 18	22..10 15	18 9
4..15 22	25 9	23..15 18	23 19
5..5 14	29 25	24..18 23	9 6
6..11 15	24 20	25..5 9	6 1
7..15 24	28 19	26..9 13	1 6
8..10 15 a)	19 10	27..14 18	6 10
9..6 15	25 22	28..18 22	21 17
10..15 19	23 16	29..22 26	17 14
11..12 19	22 17	30..26 31	14 9
12..4 8	17 10	31..13 17	9 6
13..7 14	20 16	32..17 21	6 2
14..2 7	16 12	33..31 25	19 16
15..8 11	26 22	34..25 30	16 11
16..11 15	22 17	35..26 27	11 7
17..7 10	31 27	36..27 32	10 6
18..15 18	27 23	37..3 10	6 15
19..19 26	30 23	Drawn.	

(a) The variation. Anderson plays 7 to 11, or 4 to 8.

Game No. 54—Vol. XII.

GAME played in the late match between Messrs. Luhrs and Clute, of the Metropolitan Draught Club.

WHITE'S.

Clute, Black.	Luhrs, White.	Clute, Black.	Luhrs, White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	20..6 to 10	9 to 6
2..7 11	26 23	21..8 11	6 2
3..9 14	22 17	22..10 15	25 22
4..11 16	28 22	23..15 19	22 17
5..16 20	30 26	24..19 24	17 14
6..5 9	17 13	25..24 27	14 10
7..2 7	(a)22 17	26..11 16	2 7
8..8 11	26 22	27..16 20	13 9
9..4 8	29 25	28..27 31	21 17
10..12 16(b)	19 23	29..31 26	17 13
11..15 18	22 15	30..26 22	9 6
12..10 26	17 10	31..22 18	6 2
13..7 14	31 22	32..18 15	2 6
14..11 15	22 17	33..23 19	(c)12 8
15..14 18	24 19	34..3 12	6 9
16..15 31	28 24	35..15 6	9 2
17..20 27	32 5	36..20 24	2 6
18..31 26	17 14	37..1 10	7 14
19..26 23	14 9	Drawn.	

(a) Anderson plays 21 to 17, 14 to 21, 29 to 25, and gives splendid play for a drawn game.

(b) A forced move.

(c) A man ahead, but can only draw.

Solution of Drummond's 47th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..27 to 23	7 to 2	5..22 to 18	15 to 11
2..23 30	2 9	6..1 5	9 6
3..30 25	22 18	7..13 17,	
4..26 22	18 15	and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 38—Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..27 to 24	20 to 27	5..28 to 24	20 to 27
2..32 7	2 20	6..31 24	8 11
3..21 17	13 22	7..24 19	1 6
4..26 17	4 8	8..17 14, and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
9.. 3	7	32	28
10.. 9	13	18	9
11.. 5	14		

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
12.. 6	15	17	10
13.. 7	14	31	27

OUR GAME BAG.

A LONE NIGGER.—During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:—"What's your name?" "My name's Sam." "Sam what?" "No, Sah; not Sam Watt, I'se jist *Sam*." "What's your other name?" "I hasn't got no oder name, Sah. I'se Sam—dat's all." "What's your master's name?" "I'se got no massa now; massa runned AWAY—yah! yah! I'se free nigger now." "Well, what's your father's and mother's name?" "I'se got none, Sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else." "Haven't you any brothers and sisters?" "No, Sah! neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all dere is of us.*"

AHEAD OF NEW YORK.—The sublimest bit of impudence of the century is related as having occurred lately at Vienna. A gentleman was contemplating the works of art exhibited in the window of one of the chief picture-dealers of the city, when he gradually became conscious of the fact that a hand not belonging to himself had found its way into one of his pockets. Turning swiftly round, he looked the neighbor who had taken so unusual a liberty straight in the face, and exclaimed, with concentrated indignation: "You had your hand in my pocket!" "Well," replied the detected member of the light-fingered class of gentry, with the greatest coolness and self-possession, "And what if I had? You have surely no reason to be offended at that. Here now, in October, it's already so cold that one is glad to put one's hand anywhere!"

ONE OF LAMB'S BEST.—Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

NO PRIME AT ALL!—In the days when servants were bought and sold to service in Massachusetts as well as in South Carolina, my grandfather had in his family an unctuous darkey, called, of course, "Dinah." Now, Dinah was fair to look upon, and after sundry flirtations, received, in her eighteenth year, a *bona fide* offer from a well-to-do Sambo of forty.

"And why don't you have him, Dinah?" asked my grandfather of the fair one.

"Too old, massa," was the reply.

"Why, Dinah, he's just in his prime."

"Yes, massa; but bime-by, when Dinah get her prime, den *he hab no prime at all!*"

GOOD SPORT.—During the recent visit of the Intercolonial Delegates to Prince Edward Island, some of the honorable gentlemen proposed a shooting excursion; and after having armed themselves with the usual "implements of war," started in search of game. Passing through a field they espied what appeared to be a fine flock of plover on the ground, and creeping cautiously up, several of the gentlemen fired their pieces. The "plovers" not rising, they were preparing to fire again, when a young gentleman, not of the company, came up and asked, "What are you firing at my *decoys* for? Imagine their feelings.

HOW TO KICK A MAN AGREEABLY.—Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. "I will engage," said one to the other, "to give the man before us a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do; the man turned round, and looked astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the kicker, "I took you to be the Duke de la Tremouille." The duke was very handsome—the kicked man very plain; he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

LIKED THE OLD KIND BEST.—A milk peddler finding that his business was not just what it should be, resolved to tack about and sell milk, instead of milk and water, as he had formerly done, and thus test the soundness of the old maxim about honesty. A day or two after he had effected the change, he was told by one of his customers, a matronly old lady, that he need not bring any more milk to her. In great surprise he asked the reason why.

"Because," said she, "the article you sold me yesterday was the queerest stuff I ever saw. It had not stood there two hours when it had a nasty yellow scum on it. I must have the real sky blue article I have always been accustomed to have."

EVIL OMENS.—A society has lately been formed in Bordeaux to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is accounted bad luck to begin anything on a Friday, or to sit at a table with thirteen, or to balance a chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and friend. The new society proposed to have regular dinners on Friday, to have thirteen guests, to turn chairs on one leg, and spill salt around before commencing. In the whole year during which bad luck had been thus defied, no single fatality had as yet occurred to any member. The croakers firmly believe, however, that before they are through with their freak some startling catastrophe will ensue to the reckless unbelievers.

HAND OF CONGRESS.—A good looking congressman pushed past a soldier who was guarding the entrance to the ladies' car at Washington the other day, when the blue coat stopped him, saying: "Ladies' car, sir. You cannot go in there." "But," says our friend, "I am a member of Congress." "Can't help that sir. If I let you in there, they will put me in the guard-house; and that is a confounded sight worse than going to Congress."

A GOOD COMMENCEMENT.—One lady and twelve gentlemen were graduated at Oberlin College at the late commencement. How pleasant her college course must have been!

CHAPS.—Why is a lady who flirts with every man she meets like a person whose skin cracks in cold weather? Because she is liable to have *bad chaps on her hands.*

A GRAVE PLEASURE.—A querulous wife, who was desirous of visiting Greenwood Cemetery, said to her husband, "You have never taken me to the Cemetery." "No, dear," said he, "that is a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

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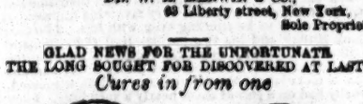

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City Summary.

MONDAY, January 23, 1865.

WE HAVE exhausted all the resources of statesmanship in our endeavor to bring about a fresh piece, or series of fresh pieces in this city. Just as the rebels who are now rebelling against the rebellion insist on an honest effort being made to "end this carnival of death by negotiation," so do we insist on an honest effort being made to end our carnival of old pieces; but we fear the honest effort will be of little avail, for the people give their countenance and support to the "ancient regime," and so long as that is the case managers look upon it as a waste of ammunition and supplies to bring forward anything fresh and sparkling. We are assured that there is an abundance of new material in the managerial *repertoire*, ready to be produced whenever the public demand makes it necessary. They have every variety of tragedy, comedy, and drama on hand, from the most flowery specimen of high-strung wordy architecture down to the fierce and relentless drama of the "Bloody Door Lock and Unrelenting Sausage" stripe; pieces to show off the exquisite pathos and tenderness and love of the handsome leading people; plays which bring into bold relief the fearful ferociousness of the heavy villain; little sketches having in view the development of well rounded legs and alabaster shoulders; in fact, in the bright lexicon of theatrical management there is no dearth of novelty. The people seem to take such a dose from the old bills, however, that there is no necessity for their being shelved. In fact, there is so much wealth here, such oceans of money, that it doesn't take much to draw crowds to theatres, halls, and menageries.....Talking about oceans of money, can you tell us why the New Bowery Theatre is like New York? No? Because the bosom of the Hudson has brought to it many travelers and much wealth.....The war and the Courts and the streets of New York continue to afford us fresh themes of excitement, of scandal, and of gossip. What we don't know of scandal and gossip isn't worth knowing. The week opened brilliantly, it brought us news of the capture of Fort Fisher, and all thereunto appertaining. And why, enrolled friends, was Gen. Terry enabled to reduce this stronghold? Because he took plenty of Porter, and as Porter agreed with him and strengthened him, he went in and won. And that's what all'd *him*. This little affair over, a crim. con. case is brought forward

our entertainment, the lady in the case being a Miss Minturn, afterwards Mrs. Millspaugh) adopted daughter of an actress known as Mrs. Abbott, now deceased. This case creates some interest, and affords a topic of conversation at our theatres while the curtain is down. Of bloody dramas we have had about the usual number, the week closing heavily.....If there is anything calculated to try the patience of managers, and the fortitude of the amusement loving people, it is the stormy weather we have had almost constantly since the winter set in. We first have a snow storm, then a thaw, then a blow, then another snow, then a freeze, snow again, with rain occasionally to soften the whole, and render the streets nearly unnavigable. Such a spell of continued bad weather is enough to deter the *habitues* from venturing out at night, but it doesn't seem to have much effect upon the business of our various places of public resort. Neither does skating nor sleighing interfere so much with indoor amusements as they formerly did.

THE NEW ORGANIZATION of minstrels for Hooley & Campbell's Minstrel Hall in the Bowery, commenced operations on the 16th. The company consists of Cool Burgess and Wm. Budworth, end men; Frank Leslie, J. H. Hilton, Louis Nevers, Hodgkins, W. H. Rice, Joe Bailey, Hank Mudge and others. The first part of the programme was very cleverly performed, the singing being most excellent. The opening chorus of "Crowned with the Tempest," was excellent, both in the vocal and instrumental department. Cool Burgess created a very favorable impression on the end, and seemed to be running over with fun. The clog dance by Hank Mudge and his two pupils—Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle—was decidedly one of the features of the evening. Cool Burgess appeared in his song and dance of Nicodemus Johnson, and a more laughable act we have seldom witnessed. Why he actually had on a pair of shoes nearly a yard long. They just took down everything we ever saw in the gun-boat line for feet. Mr. Burgess is a very clever performer, and this act was encored, when he gave a few turns at a walk around. Budworth's banjo solo and Rice's prima donna act were also creditably given. The company now performing here is a good one, and under the able direction of R. M. Hooley ought to attract good houses.

THE WILLIE HENDERSON TESTIMONIAL came off on the 18th inst., at Niblo's Saloon, to a very fair house. The following pieces were given:—"Golden Farmer," "Dagger Scene" from "The Wife," "Paddy Carey," "Sketches in India," with "Drake's Address" by G. F. Lovell, which by the way was excellent. In the "Golden Farmer," Willie Henderson's Jemmy Twitcher was well done; we never saw the part better performed by any one, amateur or regular, since John Sefton appeared in it. George Gordon also deserves praise for his masterly delineation of Hammer; his drunken scenes excited roars of laughter. The effect of this piece was greatly marred by some of the prominent performers not knowing their parts. Mary Warren was excellent as Elizabeth. The rest of the pieces went off tamely, the "Dagger Scene" and "Address" excepted.

NOTWITHSTANDING Butler, of military renown, has received his "ticket of leave," Robert Butler, of music hall fame, continues to hold forth in all his glory at 444. This establishment is a regular oil well to the manager, producing a supply of the needful, that any manager would well like to possess. The forces engaged at 444 are brought up into line, and go through their exercises to the satisfaction of all who crowd that place of amusement every night. Mr. Butler, as chief in command, is assisted by Joseph Amerman in the pay department, James S. Maffit as lieutenant behind the scenes, David Braham band master, and Mons. Grossi at the head of the terpsichorean department. Charley White continues to march along, giving his impersonations of the happy old dark, assisted by James Wambold, whose banjo solos are just the thing for the *habitues* of that place. Tony Pastor is as popular as ever with his comic songs. Tony, unlike most of his contemporaries, is constantly introducing something new, and hardly a week passes that he does not have a new song. The people seem never to tire of him. Messrs. Donovan and Madigan, two very clever gymnasts, were engaged last week, and appeared in gymnastic exercises. They are two of the best gymnastic performers in the business. The Misses Mary and Amelia Gorenflo, formerly connected with the Marsh Troupe, have been engaged here, and appear in a favorite dance. The pantomime of "The School master" was performed last week, and was very cleverly done, Mr. Bartholomew, and Lizzie Schultze sustained the principal characters.

Mrs. Wood has got 'em. "The Streets of New York" is a "blessing in disguise" to the establishment over which the lovely Matilda presides, for the Olympic is nightly filled with the most sensational audiences we have seen in that house since Joe Jefferson and Sothern did the "American Cousin" business, and "The Streets of New York" packed the place for a whole season. A standard, the takes—it has brought business up to its former *habitues* enjoy the various tableaux, and depart in peace. Charley Parsloe's scene with the newsboy, in which he gets off some clever hits, and in which, also, he plays a banjo solo in orthodox style, is made a great feature of, the audience enjoying it with full as much gusto as we enjoyed the fall of Savannah, the later fall of Fort Fisher, and a still later fall of Fatty Donavan on the slippery side walk. Parsloe would make a capital end man for a minstrel party—there is a great deal of originality about him, and his "boot black" is a life-like portraiture of one of our most useful city characters. Another very effective scene is the burning of the shanty on the Five Points; you see the building on fire; you hear the flames; you see a real live hose cart, ladder, hose, men, and all the appliances for subduing the fire; everything is bustle and excitement; in fact, so naturally is this scene worked up that the audience forget themselves, and become so excited that if the curtain was not dropped, we really believe some of them would be rushing on the stage to assist in "staying the ravages of the destructive element." The play is a stunner of a sensational, and is in for a long run, judging from present indications. All right, Mrs. Wood—you've worked hard to draw the current towards your house, so let it flow on through "The Streets of New York." Permit the "Sleeping Beauty" to sleep on until the public, like Hecker, puts an injunction on the "Streets."....And in this connection we may be permitted to remark that Mrs. Wood has won her "little game" with the directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, for she is announced to appear in "Pocahontas" at that place, on the 25th and 26th inst., being her first appearance there. It will be remembered that she was tabooed by the directors when she first applied for the Academy, the plea being that the style of her performances was a little too "high" for the Brooklyn Heights people. Since that delectable period, Cubas in the "Spy," Fisher in "Mazeppa," and others who do up the drama in tights and undress costume, have trod the boards of the Academy, until now, by contrast, Mrs. Wood's style appears quite modest, and worthy of the support, even, of the wives and daughters, and sons of Beecher's happy family.

GOLD, which has been tried in the balance of exchange and found wanting, has sustained a compound fracture since our last, going down from the force of several peaceful blows, which have also brought the gold bugs of Wall street to grief and disaster. Once upon a time cotton was king, then gold wielded the sceptre; but now the petroleum oily-garchy rules the persimmons. But the king of beasts is the lion, now to be seen, in perfect security, at Van Amburgh's Menagerie. Shakespeare once confidentially told us that "Nature teaches beasts to know their friends," and a walk through the Menagerie has convinced us that William was correct. ["Our Jim"—who is stealthily reading this over our shoulder—suggests that the "Beast Butler" didn't know *his* friends. We can enlighten his young mind by saying that in adversity and misfortune, to which all are liable, even the Beast Butler has found out his friends; that cowardly jackasses will sometimes kick at a dead lion.] At Van Amburgh's Menagerie, the noble lion paces his den, and would "fight the tiger," were it not that narrow confines separate them; the leopards play on all fours, and the surly bears disclose their teeth and keep ever moving on. At the Menagerie three performances are given every day, when the elephant see-ers can see Tippo Said go through his paces, under the direction of Prof. Nash; lion hunters have the privilege of witnessing Prof. Langworthy enter the den of lions, and enter into peace negotiations with them with a view to future harmonious action—and if you, bold friend, have a desire to enter the den with the professor, the lion and his *confreres* will kindly take you in. A good show is the Menagerie, and under the able direction of Hyatt Frost it has become as popular as Abraham's jokes, and creates as great a sensation as the latest peace rumors and Blair's second pilgrimage to Richmond.

WHISKEY SKINS, "double size, strong and sweet," seem to be much in vogue among the female persuasion, if the revelations made during the Millspaugh-Adams crim. con. case do not belie the softer sex. Be this as it may, throwing all prejudice aside, we ask you, as law-abiding citizens, whether—after enjoying a perfect feast of reason and flow of soul in witnessing Edwin Booth's performance of Hamlet at the Winter Garden—a good double-decker of whiskey skin, strong and sweet, would not add to your comfort and gratification during these cold, inclement winter nights? Just as naturally as the Millspaugh-Adams happy family took to their stimulating beverages in the noisy watches of the night, so do the public take to the mental treat provided for them at the Winter Garden. Here we do find appreciative audiences, composed of those who discover fresh beauties in Shakespeare's great work at every representation; congenial spirits who love the legitimate, and who show their admiration by patronizing it. Booth and Hamlet have taken root at the Winter Garden, and they flourish like well-borers on Oil Creek.

WHEN, from long and friendly associations, we become attached to a girl, or friend, or in fact anything, it is like parting with a good, sound, and genuine front tooth to give up such girl, or friend, or anything. And so shall we feel now in parting with our old friend "Solon Shingle," whose last night at the Broadway Theatre is set down for Wednesday, Jan. 25. We shall greatly miss the old fellow, for we have been his accomplices for months, winking at his busy propensities, going to Court with him, helping in the search for his "borril of apple sass," and aiding and abetting him in all he has said and done. Solon, old boy, good bye. May we see you soon again.....Paul Pry," another paying character, will pry into the business of the Olympic, commencing on the 26th inst. The "Live Indian" will accompany "Paul" in his appearances, and the two will sail together until further notice. John Owens bids fair to run his engagement out on that line till next summer. Those who have not seen his "Shingle" will find it at the Broadway until the 25th.

WE HAVE had the Streets of New York in mud and ashes, we have had the "Streets of New York" in dramatic form at the Olympic, and now we are to have it all in black at Wood's Minstrels, this evening, and throughout the week. The cork sketch is a burlesque on the play now acting with such success at Mr. Wood's, and will be produced with new scenery, representing Union Square, the Everett House, Washington Monument, Fire at the Five Points, etc. The burlesque abounds with fun and hits at the follies of the day, introducing also the Shoe Black and News boy scene, in which S. S. Purdy will black de boots for de gemmen and J. T. Boyce ventilate the news. In addition to this new feature, and also the usual minstrelsy, the great Ethiopian opera of "Oh! Hush!" is to be performed, with Frank Brower as Gumbo Cuff. In fact, this week's bill is one of the most attractive ever offered to the patrons of minstrelsy. We are informed by several authors and composers that Manager Wood is always ready to purchase original sketches, ballads, etc., of merit, and that he has done more to advance minstrel interests than any other man in the profession in this city.

THE DAVIS FAMILY—in no way related to Jefferson—are to give a concert at Niblo's Saloon, on Thursday evening, 26th inst., and from what we have heard concerning the little people, the affair will be quite enjoyable. Among the singers are Miss Mary L. Davis, Miss Lydia Davis, Master George Davis and Little Florence Reynolds, only eight years old, but said to be a little nightingale. Mrs. W. G. Tway will preside at the piano, and Mr. Schellas will direct the concert. Let us show by our presence that while "some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam," there are hundreds of us who prefer the enjoyment to be found at just such entertainments as that prepared for us by the Davis Family. Bear it in mind that Jefferson Davis has nothing to do with *this* Davis confederacy.

JEAN M. DAVENPORT (Mrs. General Lander) will succeed Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, at Niblo's Garden, making her first appearance there on Monday, Feburary 6. The house will be insufficient to accommodate the many friends of the lady, and those of her lamented husband, who will assemble to welcome her return to the boards.

LESTER WALLACK is playing off at Wallack's, the characters we have been accustomed to see him in being taken occasionally by Mr. Floyd, who is a poor substitute for that sort of business. Although there is much sameness in Lester's acting, nevertheless he is as far superior to Floyd as real champagne is to Newark cider. Miss Henriquez increases in favor, while the ever-popular Mary Gannon continues one of the choicest attractions in the company. Old comedies, sandwiched now and then with a later production, compose the bill of the play at this house.

THE FUNERAL of John Abel, musician, took place on the 17th inst. The remains were accompanied to the grave by the American Musical Fund Society and Shelton's Brass Band.

BEN COTTON, J. Murphy, and W. H. Smith, just from the Pacific Slope, are organizing a band of minstrels in this city, and will shortly start out on a prospecting tour. The three gentlemen named are capital performers themselves, the two first being end men, and the latter doing middle business; he has also had great experience in the management of theatres, etc., in California. They are striving to get together an A, No. 1 troupe.

THE HUDSON has gone; her engagement was ended without her knowledge on Thursday evening, Jan. 19th, her name being left off of Saturday's bill, without any notification being given her, so we are informed, that her services were no longer required. She was underlined on Friday's bills to appear the following evening, and was greatly surprised when she saw that evening's bill with her name omitted. It is an abrupt way of bringing an engagement to an end, and if the management had no good reason for the course pursued, he is amenable to censure. Performers are expected by managers to fulfil the conditions of their contract, and performers look for good faith on the part of managers. It is possible that the other side may be able to show cause, etc. .....There is no star attraction this week, but a number of very effective dramas, farces, etc., will be given by the company..... Miss Addie Anderson, a fresh addition to the list of Mazeppas, will appear at this house shortly. Of course the *habitues* will be on the *qui vive* to see the new Mazep, and pass judgment upon her merits and shape.

"THE SHAMROCK," which has been attracting large audiences at Niblo's, will close on the 28th, and the succeeding week, which is the last of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, will be devoted to the reproduction of the "Lakes of Killarney," with its beautiful scenery, effects, and so forth. Don't forget that this is the last week of "The Shamrock," and the last but one of the Williams' engagement.

THERE is always *something* new at Barnum's. If the "What Is It?" isn't there, the Lightning Calculator is; if the dwarfs are absent, the giants take their vacant places; if the Soothing Lady has a furlough, the patrons of the house will be sure to see the fat woman or the snakes. Tony Denier is still there, also Tim Hayes and the Woodroffe Glass Blowers.....A new national drama, called the "Union Prisoner, or the Patriot's Daughter," is up for this week. It is from the pen of Mr. Levick, and written expressly for the Museum.

AT THE French Theatre they announce the first appearance in America of the "Natural Flutist." What will the unnatural flutists say to this innovation?

ON AND AFTER Monday evening, 30th inst., the prices of admission to the Old Bowery will undergo a slight increase; viz., secured seats, 50 cts.; boxes, 30 cts.: pit and gallery, 15 cts.; private boxes, balcony and orchestra, no change. To give *eclat* to the occasion, a bran new pantomime will be produced, with G. L. Fox in one of the principal parts. It is said to be unusually funny for a pantomime, and replete with the most remarkable changes, effects, etc, ever witnessed.....This week "Valsha, the Slave Queen," and other favorite pieces will be given, with J. B. Studley, H. Chapman, Miss R. Denvil, etc., in the cast.

"THE ASH MAN'S DREAM," founded on events which recently transpired in the streets of New York, is to be produced at the Varieties, in the Bowery, this evening. New scenery has been painted for the burlesque, and nothing will be wanting to show the spectators a capital take-off.....The Delevante Brothers, acrobats and gymnasts, join the Varieties troupe this week, in addition to Tom Brookfield, Charley Monroe, Thompson and Kerns, and Miss Emma Parker.....Don't forget the Wednesday afternoon *matinee*. Plenty of pretty girls to be seen there, both on and off the stage.

HANG OUT YOUR BANNERS upon the outward wall was the wise injunction of Padre Shakespeare, who evidently, in his day, foresaw what would be the great need of showmen and others at the present day, and how much the poor player's reputation would be enhanced by the liberal spreading around of properly executed banners, dodgers, etc. What is it? If you want to know what this is all about, read J. Bruce's advertisement in another column.

IT MAY not be delightful amusement for any one to have his nose cut off, but nevertheless the manner in which it is done by Heller at his Salle Diabolique never fails to elicit thunders of applause. Last week he gave a new programme of classical illusions, and judging from the faces of old and young, it must have been a decided hit. Mr. Heller differs from the majority of wizards, for not only does he strive to please the eye and bewilder the mind, but he endeavors to teach a few simple tricks, which may be performed at home with the greatest ease. Those who have a musical taste should listen to his exquisite solos on the pianoforte. In many respects he reminds us of Thalberg, and in many respects, too, some think he is superior to that great performer. There is a grace and ease with which he handles the keys of the instrument which is peculiar to Mr. Heller, and which stamps him as a finished artist. His "Josephine Mazurka" and "[illegible] Thee," now on the programme, are two gems of equal brilliancy. "If music be the food of love, play on," yea, "play us that simple air again," would be the whispered exclamation of love-sick couples who attend his magical seances. Here they can sit and dream of love in a "Cottage by the Sea," and build up castles of airy naught. Here they can think of the bliss, or pokers, or broomsticks that may be in store for them, and swear to love, honor, and obey each other until death, or a divorce on the Adams plan in Indiana, does part them. Here they can watch the rapid manipulations of the magician and have something to talk about for weeks and months to come. What a place this is for the children to visit! Childhood, when a feller don't get licked too often, is supposed to be the happiest period of life, and the aged should not forget that by contributing to the amusement of the young they may be laying the foundation of a happy and joyous spirit. Take the children to see Heller. Let maiden aunts take them, bachelor uncles take them, doting mothers take them, grey-haired fathers take them, everybody that's decent take them. We remember, years ago, when we were only a little chap, to have seen a certain wizard send an enormous dice through the crown of a bran new hat, and when we arrived at home we strove to repeat the trick, but in vain. We failed, it is true, but we *did* succeed in ruining the "cady" of a loving parent, and were well thrashed for our trouble. The old saying of "if you do not first succeed, try, try again," kept ringing in our ears, somewhat qualified by the evil effects of the licking we had received, but when we strove to renew our experiments in that line, we found that all the hats had been carefully placed beyond our reach. Those who desire to pass a pleasant evening, should not fail to visit Heller's Salle Diabolique.

THE "BLUE BEARD" pantomime runs well at the Hippotheatron, this being the fifth week of its representation. The doings of the Clown, and Harlequin, and Pantaloon, are as diversified and perplexing as the movements of General Sherman in the Confederacy. Equestrianism, acrobatic and gymnastic performances, and a little of everything in the circus line, are also given. It is a good place to visit, is the "Hippo," and you may rest assured of being well entertained while there.

THE DRAMATIC AGENCY of Messrs. Conner and Lea is evidently doing a big business in securing people for managers and engagements for the people. In this week's CLIPPER they have advertisements in reference to costumes; Emma Forrest's Dramatic Company, and Johnny Murray the song and dance man. The profession should keep a close watch on Messrs. Conner and Lea's advertisements.

"MAZEPPA.—Miss Kate Fisher was welcomed last night by another splendid audience. Her ideas relative to the conception of the character were admirably presented, and gave unbounded satisfaction. Her horse Wonder, is truly a wonder, and appears to be endowed with intelligence rarely witnessed in dumb animals. Mazeppa will be given again to-night. In addition to Mazeppa, Miss Fisher will appear in the bold highwayman, in the stirring drama entitled 'The Ride for Life.' To-morrow night the French Spy and Mazeppa will be given."

MR. JOHN P. SMITH accompanied Miss Kate Fisher to Baltimore during her engagement there, and acted as business manager for that lady. Next week he rejoins Frank Drew in Philadelphia as agent.

SAM RYAN did not appear at Kate Fisher's Newark, N. J., Theatre, last week, in conjunction with Kate Denin, in consequence of illness. Kate Denin commenced on the 16th, opening in "East Lynne." Her engagement terminated on the 17th.

MISS ADDIE ANDERSON, whose portrait is on the first page of this week's CLIPPER, is at liberty to engage with managers of first-class theatres for star engagements, together with H. B. Gates' champion mare, Black Bess. In the *repertoire* of pieces performed by Miss Anderson are "Mazeppa," "Sabrino; or, Slavery in Europe," "The Outlaw's steed," (the last two written expressly for her), "Putnam," "Jenny Diver," "Eagle Eye," "Mike Martin," "Jack Sheppard," "Margaret Catchpole," and a great many others, for particulars of which see advertisement in another column. Miss Anderson will travel with a large collection of new and beautiful wood cuts of original design, and a wardrobe surpassed by no other performer, it is said, in this country. Managers wishing to secure this popular artist for six or twelve nights can do so through her agent, as instructed in an advertisement elsewhere.

MAD. METHUA SCHELLER having been re-engaged at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, appeared last week as Alida Bloodgood, in the "Streets of New York," giving new proof of her versatile talent. She introduced into her part, most likely to relieve its disagreeable aspect, the grand aria of the Page in the "Huguenots," singing it with great *bravour*, and gaining enthusiastic applause. Her toilet was brilliant and tasteful. The play was tolerably well performed. Mr. Bishop impersonated Badger with excellent judgment; Mr. Wheelock, as Mark Livingston, made as much out of his part as could be done; Mr. Hall was excellent as Puffy; Mr. Delano played Bloodgood with care; and Miss Thompson, as Lucy, gave evidence of real talent; Mr. Andrews made a good Dan. The only trouble in the piece was the fire scene, which didn't work well during the first nights. The house was well attended every evening. On the 21st, a great "Enoch Arden" matinee took place.....Miss Avonia Jones opens in "East Lynne" on Monday, 23d.

MR. AND MRS. CHAS. KEANE are expected in Kingston, Jamaica, at the end of February next. The announcement of their intention to visit the Island has created no little excitement, and already a large number of seats have been subscribed for at ten shillings sterling each, for the first and second readings.

FIRST CLASS STARS are wanted for the Leavenworth theatre by Manager W. H. Coolidge, as will be found announced in our advertising columns by the acting stage manager, Henry Linden.

THE RICHMOND, VA., THEATRE is doing, it is said, unprecedented business. As several of the actors have recently added a female it has become necessary to assign the masculine *roles* to the *attaches*. As twelve more "handsome young ladies" are advertised for in the *Whig* of that city, it may be the purpose of the "manageress" to try the experiment of a series of dramatic entertainments personated exclusively by the "softer sex."

THE CRISP FAMILY commenced a series of dramatic performances on the 2d inst., in City Hall, Richmond, Va. Theodore Hamilton, the Crisp Family, and C. T. Wolfe are the principals in the company.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter opened at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., on the 16th inst., in "London Assurance."

MR. JAMES MATHEWS has charge of the stage department of the Rochester, N. Y., Theatre.

MR. CHARLES JEFFREY joined the company at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, on the 14th inst., and appeared as Jem Bags, in "The Wandering Minstrel."

TESTIMONIAL TO CHARLES S. PORTER.—A meeting of professionals was held at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on the 17th inst., for the purpose of taking steps to tender a testimonial benefit to Charles S. Porter, who is now lying dangerously ill in that city. Mr. Porter is the oldest actor and manager now living in this country. The benefit has been fixed for the 27th inst., to take place at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Messrs. A. D. Pennoyer, H. R. Hellier and John T. Donnelly have charge of the business arrangements.

DIED, in Santa Cruz, W. I., on the 21st of December, Wm. H. Fry, in the 50th year of his age. Mr. Fry was a native of Philadelphia, but for many years has been a resident of New York, where he was well known as a musical critic and composer. When quite young, four of his orchestral compositions were performed by the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society. In 1845 his opera "Leonora" was produced in that city by the Seguin troupe, and an Italian version was brought out at the Academy of Music in this city in 1858. In 1852 Mr. Fry delivered at the old Tripler Hall in this city a series of lectures on the history of music, illustrated by appropriate musical performances. At Jullien's concerts here and in London, Fry's symphonies, "Santa Claus" and "Childe Harold," formed attractive features of the programme. In 1853 he composed the music for an ode for the opening of the Crystal Palace in this city, and in 1855 a "Stabat Mater." He was next prominent in musical matters in Philadelphia, in 1864, when his opera "Esmeralda" was produced in fine style for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair. About two months ago Mr. Fry acceded to the advice of his physicians, and determined to leave New York. He was for a time undecided whether to go to the far West, to the bracing air of St. Paul, or to the West Indies. The inducements of the latter climate prevailed, and he sailed for Santa Cruz, and his friends, who then bade him farewell, sadly predicted to each other that he could never return. The ravages of his disease were then too apparent to deceive any one but himself, and the intelligence of his death will surprise none who knew him.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE, (supported by Mr. D. Hanchett), is announced to commence a two weeks engagement at Cairo, Ill., on the 30th inst.

EDWIN ADAMS was obliged to bring his St. Louis engagement to an abrupt termination in consequence of a serious ulceration of the throat. He left St. Louis on the 17th, for his home at Long Branch, where he will take a rest until the 30th inst., when he commences an engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, provided he is well enough.

THE AMATEURS' CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION," of Indianapolis, gave their second performance at the "Tabernacle," on the 17th, The pieces performed were, "Delicate Ground" and "The Serious Family."

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, business continues to be very lively. The people seem to be "dead-struck" after the theatre. Mr. Barrett is drawing wonderfully. It is evident that the great expectations of the managers have been more than realized in his reception, which has been most enthusiastic. Thursday evening, the 12th, "King of the Commons" was the attraction—drawing a full house. Mr. Barrett acquitted himself most admirably, in the leading *role*, and was supported in a manner that reflected great credit upon the stock company. The audience was an orderly and appreciative one, and our correspondent, "Bontelle," says: "I dropped in on the 13th, on which occasion 'Rosedale' was presented for the benefit of Mr. Barrett. It being its first representation here, the people flocked to the theatre by the hundred. The audience was one of the finest I ever saw in this city, it being composed chiefly of our most prominent citizens and officials. Almost two-thirds of the seats were occupied by ladies. Mr. L. P. Barrett is especially happy in his character of Elliott Gray; his voice is clear, and can be distinctly heard all over the house. In some parts of the play he holds his delighted audience spell-bound; in fact, such a deep and combined interest was taken in his noble rendering, that, at times, a pin could have been heard to drop upon the floor. Miss Cushman's 'Rose' was a charming piece of acting—putting the seal upon her reputation as an actress of much merit. Her powers of mimicry and excellent articulation made a splendid Rose—one that suited well the humor and *abandon* of Mr. Barrett's Elliott Gray. The character of Lady Florence is particularly suited to Mrs. Riley, which she performed exceedingly well. Mr. Ryder, since Mr. Richards left us, has been assigned to heavy parts; although he is a pretty good actor, I think the character of Miles McKenna is a little too heavy for him; however, he did very well. Mr. Rand was at home in his part of Mathew Leigh. He gave the physician's plea for his profession in a superb manner. Mr. White, in his comical character of Bunberry Kobb, kept the house in a good laughing humor; his "traps" scene created roars of laughter. The other characters were well sustained. The "Gipsey Camp" affords a beautiful scene. The song and chorus of the gipsies is very good, and the night-watch and song of Elliott Gray, by which he attracts the attention and recognition of the lost child, is one of the funniest things I ever saw or heard, and the detection of Elliott and the child by the gipsey chief, the rally of the band at his call, and the rescue by the lancers, presents a scene of the highest dramatic interest.

THE BENEFIT given on the 14th inst., at the Holliday, Baltimore, in aid of the sufferers by the recent accident in Holliday street, was a decided success, there being a larger audience present than was ever seen there before; they numbered 2600 people, while at least one thousand more were unable to gain admittance. The amount realized by this matinee was $1,940:55; by the matinee at the Front Street, $330:50; and through Rev. Mr. Scheib (school) $102:65; making $2,372:70 in all.

HARRY SEYMOUR, through the medium of an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER, calls attention to the fact that his services as author, tragedian, etc., may be secured for star engagements. Mr. Seymour has brilliant costumes, and has now ready several new plays that he is prepared to produce. Mr. M. McGregor is Mr. Seymour's agent.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, the sensation drama of "The Dead Heart," was performed on the 18th, with Jenny Parker and McKee Rankin in the leading *roles*.

MISS ELIA WREN is managing the Mobile, Ala., Theatre.

MISS KATE FISHER has been doing the "fiery untamed steed" business at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, during the last week, to good houses, and succeeded in producing quite an effect by her fine acting and beautiful form. Miss Kate is very ably supported by the members of the Front's company. On Friday night last, the occasion of her first benefit, she gave, in connection with "Mazeppa," the "French Spy" on horseback, quite a novelty in that city. She remains another week.

THE NAIAD QUEEN, at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, has been withdrawn, after an unprecedented run for a Brooklyn establishment, the "Peep-O'-Day-Boys" taking its place for the time being. We hope to see the Conways back again to their element of genteel comedy, for both were very much out of place in such a play as the "Naiad Queen." Their acting, of course, added to the merits of the piece, but to see such good talent wasting itself in such a field was a pity. The pecuniary success of a drama is the great thing to be considered by managers beginning enterprises like that of the Park Theatre, and hence sacrifices are made.

JUNIUS BOOTH was the star last week at the New Chestnut, Philad'a., but does not seem to have created a *furore* in that city. Our correspondent, "Lucifer," thus refers to the star and other performers at that house:—"Business has fallen off at the Chestnut since Junius Brutus Booth's engagement commenced. Mr. Booth appeared last week in 'Richard the Third,' 'Retribution,' (a drama rendered particularly interesting in former times, by the excellent acting of the late HARRY PERRY), 'The Marble Heart,' 'Othello,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'Taming The Shrew,' in not one of which did he succeed in making a favorable impression. His Count Pricli, in 'RETRIBUTION,' I rather consider to be his best performance, that is of the characters in which he has already appeared, and that is but mediocre. His make up was good, but his voice (whether from cold or not I don't know), is exceedingly disagreeable, his reading monotonous, his delivery studied, and though evidently well up in the stage business, there is a degree of nervousness about him which is sometimes really painful. Mr. Booth is decidedly given to rant, and when he indulges in it he becomes very unpleasant. On the 23d he will appear as HAMLET. Mordaunt (particularly as Othello), Lewis Baker, and Young Murdock are worthy of great praise for the able manner in which they sustained their various characters during the past week. Of the ladies, I can only say that not one of them who appeared last week was either suitable or capable of sustaining the parts assigned to her in connection with Mr. Booth. The idea of Miss ANNIE WARD performing DESDEMONA is preposterous. The company at the Chestnut is lamentably deficient in female performers; not one of whom, excepting Miss Germon and Mrs. Chapman, are worthy of the name of actress."

BUSINESS AT THE WALNUT, Philadelphia, has been immense. On Monday evening, 16th, the Wallack-Davenport Alliance produced a drama entitled "The Witch Wife," founded on the superstitious adventures of Mathew Hopkins, the notorious witch finder, and a more uninteresting, improbable and wretched lot of nonsense can hardly be imagined; unworthy of representation, and unworthy of the artistic efforts of Messrs. Davenport and Wallack. It only lived two nights, and then gave place to the "Iron Mask." Friday evening, 20th, was E. L. Davenport's benefit, when Lucille Western appeared as Nancy Sykes, in "Oliver Twist:" Fagin, Wallack; Bill Sykes, Davenport. There was such a jam, and so many were turned away from the doors on account of the dearth of room, that the bill was repeated on Saturday evening, when Davenport was called for a speech, when he referred to Miss Western—who for the past three months had been so flatteringly received in Philadelphia—as having been first launched into the legitimate dramatic field by himself. After announcing the performance for Monday night, he retired, loudly applauded. "Othello" will be given on Monday evening, 23d; "Enoch Arden" on Tuesday and until further notice.....Mr. Frank Drew follows the Wallack-Davenport Alliance.

THE RICHINGS' concluded their engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, 21st, with the "Enchantress." This piece was given the whole of last week, except on Friday, when for Miss Richings' benefit the "Bonny Fish Wife" and "Peggy Green" were performed.....Monday, 23d, Lawrence P. Barrett will appear in "Under the Palm," a dramatization of Enoch Arden. Mr. Barrett is known to a number of Philadelphians, from his having supported Mrs. D. P. Bowers at the Chestnut while under the management of Wm. Wheatley, and a warm welcome awaits him.....Mrs. Drew and Barton Hill, with "Rosedale," follow Mr Barrett.

ON THE occasion of the testimonial to the veteran actor, Chas. S Porter, which is to take place at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Friday afternoon, 27th, Peter Richings, Caroline Richings, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Frank Drew, Edwin Adams, J. B. Booth, L. P. Barrett, Lucille Western, and the various companies by the permission of their respective managers, will assist. The Academy should be crowded.

HERR VON HOYM is starring it at the Vestvali-Lund Theatre, Philadelphia.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter performed last week to a succession of good houses at Rochester, N.Y. The *Express* of the 21st, speaking of these artists, says:—"THEATRE.—The Buchanans make their last appearance this evening, Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Richard III' being presented. Mr. McKean Buchanan, as the crooked-backed tyrant, has for years had a reputation of being the greatest living representative, European critics comparing him favorably with the elder Kean, Booth, Cooke, and others. Miss Virginia enacts Queen Elizabeth, and from her success as Lady Macbeth, we anticipate a fine performance." These artists were to commence a two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on the 23d, opening in "London Assurance."

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, the intrepid and graceful tight-rope performer who so pleased the *habitues* at the New Bowery Theatre in this city recently, is now meeting with success at the Varieties Theatre, Chicago, where she commenced an engagement on the 9th inst., to a crowded house. On the 11th inst., at very short notice, M'lle Ravel, owing to the serious illness of Miss Theresa Wood, took that lady's part, Elena, in "Robert Le Diable," at McVicker's Theatre. This circumstance showed that good feeling between the managers of the two places as well as between the ladies that is pleasing to notice, and we would that it were more generally prevalent.

LEO. HUDSON commences a two weeks engagement at the New Nashville Theatre on January 30th.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS was performing "East Lynne," last week, at the Academy of Music, Providence.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY produced "Peep O' Day," at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 21st inst., to a house crowded in every part. Mrs. Conway appeared as Kathleen Kavanagh, and Colin Stuart as Harry Kavanagh. This was Mr. Stewart's first appearance at the Park. The piece was well put upon the stage, the scenery being most excellent. Miss Louisa Hawthorne performed and dressed the character of Mary Grace in a very praiseworthy manner.

MRS. MARY GLADSTANE closed a successful engagement at Alexandria, Va., on the 14th inst. The local papers say that her rendition of Lady Audley was the greatest success of the season, having run during the entire engagement of two weeks, to overflowing houses. She goes to the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, for six weeks, commencing about the 6th of February.

"THE VETERAN" has been drawing crowded houses to the Boston Museum the past week, and is announced to be continued until further notice.

MARETZEK'S OPERA TROUPE have possession of the Boston Theatre. The singers close there on the 28th," with "Don Sebastian."

THE WARREN COMBINATION were announced to commence at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 23d inst.

MR. R. B. RICHARDS made his *debut* in Cairo, Ill., on the 17th inst., as Macbeth, at the Athenæum.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, the sensation drama of the "Dream of Destiny," which had a run of four weeks to excellent business, was withdrawn on the 18th inst., and the new English s

ance at Gemote Palace Music Hall, Baltimore, on the 16th; the latter is a pupil of Robert Edwards, and it was his debut upon the stage.... On the 23d, Miss Nellie Edwards, vocalist, appears.

THE "STREETS OF BALTIMORE," a sequel to the "Streets of New York," is in rehearsal at the Melodeon, Baltimore. It is a drama by Fitz Simmons.

THE NASHVILLE OPERA HOUSE was opened on the 23d inst., by Arlington's troupe, under the management of G. D. Radeker, who advertises in another column for talent for variety business. As the Nashvillians are good patrons of amusements, it is a good field for such enterprises, and we doubt not that manager Radeker will soon be supplied with all necessary talent, and pleasing performances and large patronage will soon be the good word with him.

THE VARIETIES, Chicago, is doing a capital business. Mr. Tom Russell, M'lle Marietta Ravel, and Miss Louise Glencra are the principal stars.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, had for its principal features last week, Minnie Clare, Julia Yale, Belle Velarde, Nellie Taylor, Gus Peters, Jim Wood, &c. The pantomime of "Kim Ka" was performed. Annetta Galletti, Zanfretta, and Clara Burton were announced to appear on the 23d.

AT REED & RILEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Knoxville, Tenn, business has been most satisfactory, as we have the best of evidence for stating. The principal reason of their success lays, no doubt, in the fact that they give a pleasing programme in a most acceptable manner. The principal performers are Ned Reed, T. J. Riley, J. P. Wales, Julia Dawson and Emma Reed, supported by a good orchestra.

BILLY BOYD AND HARRY ENOCHS appeared at Fred Aims Melodeon, Pittsburgh, on the 16th. On the 19th, J. H. Childers, Bob Butler, Amelia Wells, M'lle Marie, Miss Ellen Collene, Denny Gallagher, and Miss Emma Thomas, also returned last week. The Buffalo Boys took a benefit on the 20th, when Jo. Sefton volunteered his services, and appeared as the "Artful Dodger." "Carte de Visit Mania," "Cousin Joe's Visit," "Take-it-and-Leave-it-Man," "The Raw Recruits," "The Poor Old Maid," "The Hole in the Wall," with comic songs by Billy Holmes, imitations by Billy Boyd, and ballet dancing by the troupe of beauty, are the principal attractions this week.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severity of the weather, the snug and cosy Casino in Philadelphia still continues to hold its sway, and although its proprietor, Mr. Robert Fox, has gone to Europe to receive a good round sum in specie, he will have a goodly pile of greenbacks accumulated during his absence, in Uncle Abe's dominions.....Kathleen O'Neil is still in great force at the Casino. Bob Butler and Amelia Wells are among the new attractions for this week. Master Barry is pleasing the boys greatly, and George Warren is also a big favorite.

SAM LONG, Add Weaver, Harry Bloodgood, Helena Smith, and the beautiful and fascinating Kate Pennoyer, commence at the Oxford, Washington, on Monday, Jan. 23d.

JOHNNY MACK and Little Mac commence an engagement at the Canterbury, Washington, Monday, Jan. 23d.

MARTINI CHIRISKI, the wire man, is at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo.

AT MCGOWAN'S Varieties, Cairo, Ill., Julia Barton, vocalist; John Rushton, cloggist; Carrie Cornell and James Porter, commenced last week. Hen Mason, who had been under the weather for some time, put in an appearance on the 19th.

FERNANDO FLEURY commenced an engagement on the 16th inst., at the Athenæum, Cleveland.

THE CANTERBURY, Washington, continues to enjoy a succession of crowded houses—the new pantomime of "Harlequin Fantasio" having made a hit. The Harlequin, as performed by Miss Ella Wesner, is said to be immense. This lady astonishes the audience by making the trick-leaps through the windows, and, not satisfied with this daring, actually leaps through the body of a man. The pantomime is said to have been placed on the stage in a very costly manner. The transformations are very cleverly performed. In addition to this, Miss Mary Bogart, vocalist, and Mons. Szollossi, *ballet* master, put in an appearance last week. Mulligan, Collins and Josh Hart continue in the Ethiopian department. The musical drama of "The Brigand's Oath" was in active rehearsal last week, and was to be speedily produced.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL commences an engagement at the Canterbury, Baltimore, on the 30th inst.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL is attracting full houses and materially adding to the receipts of the Varieties Theatre, Chicago, Ill., by her intrepid and graceful dancing on the tight rope, etc.

Cirouses.

SHOW NEWS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—Through the courtesy of Capt. Plummer, of the Elenora, arrived at this port last week from Rio Janeiro, we were placed in possession of the following letter from a correspondent in that place:—

DEAR CLIPPER: Knowing that you take an interest in all American performers, wheresoever dispersed over this terraqueous globe, as well as those who travel through the air, as was unintentionally the case with a Miss Case, lately in this city, I give you the latest show news. A Mr. Gideon Wells had been making balloon ascensions on occasion of the marriage of the Princess with the Conde Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, and one fine Sunday afternoon the public were invited to see an American lady ascend a short distance, as an encouragement to those who wished to have a bird's-eye view of our beautiful bay. The balloon ascended rapidly, and the cord broke, throwing car and balloon out of a perpendicular position, and completely destroying the lady's equilibrium, which she soon regained, however, and finding herself so far safe, she commenced waving the American and Brazillian flags to the crowd she left so abruptly, and to other astonished citizens, who made a rush in the direction which the balloon had taken. The lady came down in the rear of a large building on the *Rua Larga de S. Joaquim*, and was considerably bruised; with the assistance of some blacks she tied the unruly machine to a tree, and hastened to show herself to the people, whom she heard in the side street in front of the house. She soon appeared at the verandah, with the two above-mentioned flags, which she waved to the loudly-cheering multitude below. "Viva la Americana" was the cry. An open carriage was brought to the door, and she was escorted back by an immense multitude, some in carriages. An Englishman took a ring from his finger and placed it upon hers, as an acknowledgment of her courage and presence of mind.....Mr. Wells leaves this port for India and China. Messrs. Hogle and Keefe are on a short tour through this province, having made an engagement with the equestrian, John Noble.....Geo. Sharp, formerly of Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus, is permanently engaged at Bartholomew's Circus, where he is a general favorite, and has done much to Americanize that establishment, which has some excellent performers, mostly children. Two girls, Rosinha and Augustinha, perform many difficult feats, both equestrian and on the tight and slack ropes; in the former, Rosinha carries Augustinha in the horse act, with a strength and grace not excelled by the Brothers Tourniaire. Augustinha has so completely copied Kate Ormond that she might be mistaken for her.....Pedro Adams, who came by land from Mexico, which feat took him several years to accomplish with a circus company, has purchased the collection of wild beasts of the Banker Souto, or rather of the commissioners who had the settlement of his banking house.....Geo. Sweet remained in the Rio Grande province.....Theatricals are at a low ebb, and we have no lyric company except the National, which does not amount to much.....On account of the panic in the money market, it would not pay any company to come out here for a year to come; even then a second-rate company would scarcely do well, the Ocean Circus left such excellent impressions.....Madame Lalanne is engaged at Bartholomew's, after having traveled much in India, and penetrated far into the interior of Africa, where she met Dr. Livingstone, and saw much of African life. She is one of the most interesting ladies I have ever met, on account of her fund of information acquired there, as she was a general favorite, and had opportunities of seeing what Dr. Livingstone himself had not access to!

PENNIE & GOLDIE have been favorably received at Wheeler's Circus, Boston.

JAMES MELVILLE AND FAMILY are announced to open with S. O. Wheeler's Company in Boston, this week.

WE REGRET to learn that Little Annie Worland met with an accident while performing recently with Spalding & Rogers' Circus in Havana. The child had been sick for some days with the fever, but had recovered, and her name was up for a benefit. In endeavoring to invest her equestrian act with more than usual dash, she sprained one of the sinews of the leg, the limb immediately swelling to huge proportions, and incapacitating her from again appearing. On reaching New Orleans, the best medical aid was obtained for her, and at last advices she was getting along very well. It is a little singular that her father, Jerry Worland, met with a similar accident while with the same concern a couple of years ago. He was sent to New York, where, after lingering some months, he died. We trust that a like fatal result may not attend the injuries sustained by Little Annie. She may be remembered by those who attended the Hippotheatron last season, where she appeared in a riding act on two ponies, and also in an act on the tight rope.

THE ROLLANDE BROTHERS seceded from the Ocean Circus while in Havana, and were organizing a party of their own. They held out such inducements to the Ocean Circus people that some of them left the latter concern and joined the Rollandes.

SPALDING & ROGERS' CIRCUS COMPANY are performing at the Academy of Music, New Orleans. Howes' concern was also in the city, and the competition between the two troupes promised to be quite spirited.

ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S CIRCUS was at Monlego Bay, Jamaica, on Jan. 5th and 6th, and performed to excellent audiences under canvas. The company was to go thence to Santiago de Cuba.

MADAME MACART, the well-known *equestrienne*, is prepared to enter into an engagement with equestrian managers for the coming summer, in connection with Jonathan Jack, the Irish Dwarf. Those wishing to engage the Madame should address as instructed in her advertisement in another part of this issue.

THE NICOLO PARTY, who have a reputation as first-class gymnasts, notify managers, in a card in another column, that they are prepared to negotiate for the coming travelling season. As their several performances are new to the public, and very attractive in character, they should not be long disengaged.

A SIXTY-FIVE FEET round-top canvas, with stage and fixtures, is offered for sale this week, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

MAD. MACART was tendered a complimentary benefit on the 20th inst., at the Hippotheatron, Cincinnati.

Miscellaneous.

RUFUS SOMERBY'S National Combination and Variety Show was billed for three evenings of last week, with a *matinee* on the last day, 21st, at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.

ARTEMUS WARD will deliver his irresistibly comic lecture at the following places this week:—New Haven, Conn., 25th and 26th; and Brooklyn, 27th and 28th. On the 30th he opens at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, for one week; thence to Wilmington, Del., on the 6th and 7th; and Baltimore, on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th.

THE STUDENTS of the Free Academy, at Norwich, Conn., gave their annual exhibition during the week ending January 14th. Three acts of "Julius Cæsar" were given to the satisfaction of all concerned. A correspondent says:—"Mr. Richard McCloud distinguished himself as Cæsar, particularly in the stabbing scene.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE opened at Lafayette, Ind., on the 16th, to the largest audience, it is said, that has been seen in the hall in that city for three years, the receipts being nearly $400. On the 17th they commenced at Smith & Nixon's new hall, Chicago, and remained two nights, but the skating season operated against them.

ELDRIDGE & FOOTE'S great moral exhibition opened at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 13th, to a crowded house; in fact—at Saturday afternoon's *matinee* they were obliged to turn hundreds away for want of room. The combination of attraction under this management consists of the famous Com. Foote; his sister, Miss Eliza Nestell; Col. Small; Mrs. C. G. Russell—an excellent vocalist and pianist, who actually plays two distinct airs upon the piano at the same time, and also plays the piano with her left hand and the castinets with her right, making excellent music and keeping perfect time!—Master Willie, the youthful prodigy; Prof. G. H. Brooks, the blind violinist; and W. B. Harrison, the well-known extemporaneous poet and delineator of eccentric characters. The troupe have drawn first class audiences, and give general satisfaction. The little Commodore winds up by inviting every one back again, also to be sure and bring the little ones with them.

BAYARD TAYLOR lectured at Pittsburgh on the 18th. His subject was "Ourselves and our Relations"—a crowd of whom were present to hear what the gentleman had to say about them.

A MAGICIAN, who is known by the cognomen of "Fakir of Valma," was exhibiting at Rand's Hall, Troy, last week, to poor houses. Our correspondent says: "Magicians had better stay away from Troy, as the Trojans have been taken in quite too often the last year, so they will receive no encouragement whatever from the citizens.

HEWITT HALL, Ypsilanti, Mich., is to be occupied by Rufus Somerby and his troupe on Feb. 1st and 2d.

A FIRST CLASS CONCERT Troupe is advertised for in another column.

SIMMONS, the slight-of-hand fakir, was in the Canadas last week. On the 17th he held forth at Montreal.

MISS BLANCHE BUTLER, daughter of the general, recently won a grand piano at a fair given in Norfolk, Va., for the benefit of the Orphans' Home of that city. Miss Butler subsequently presented the piano to Sister Mary Alice, of that institution.

THE ETHNO SOTERIAN Entertainment did a good business at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, last week, and continues there until the 25th inst., and opens at Lancaster, the 31st, for one week. On the 13th of Feb. it will commence in Philadelphia, at Assembly Buildings.

JOHN W. WHISTON, the Polyphonist, is said to be doing a good business through the cities and towns of New England. The Providence *Post* says: "Whiston is certainly a great humorist, and his delineations are perfect, while his easy and graceful manner upon the stage makes him seem like "one of the family."

W. H. DONALDSON'S address is advertised for in this issue by Mr. John S. Marshall, of Poughkeepsie.

MAZZONI, the wizard, is astonishing the people of the West by his clever manipulations. He has performed to good business at Sandusky, Erie, Cleveland and Toledo. The *Daily Commercial* of the last named place remarks on his skill thusly: "The attendance at White's Hall increases night after night. The tricks of Mazzoni eclipse those of any wizard we have seen before a Toledo audience. In his feats of magic he uses no instruments, and accomplishes his manipulations with the skill and dexterity that characterizes the Eastern Magi." He performed at Detroit from the 16th to the 21st inst., and was to be at Jackson, Mich., from the 23d to the 28th.

THE BELMONT TROUPE commenced a series of entertainments on the 16th inst., at Washington Hall, Wheeling, Va.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE closed at Paterson, N. J., on Thursday night, 19th inst. They were to have played two nights only, but biz. being good, they stayed two nights longer. It was their first appearance there, and they made quite a hit. Monday, 23d, they open in Elmira, N. Y., and play a two weeks' engagement. They stayed over Friday at Paterson, and in the evening visited Duprez & Green's Minstrels. After the performance the musical profession had quite a social re-union.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
Doors open at 6½. Performances Commence at 7½ o'clock.
NOVELTY! NOVELTY!! NOVELTY!!!
MONDAY, Jan. 23, and every evening during the week, will be performed the new Burlesque of THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
with new Scenery, giving a correct view of UNION SQUARE, EVERET HOUSE, FOURTH AVENUE, THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, THE FIRE AT THE FIVE POINTS, The Latest News, Gossip, &c., from THE PLAY BILL, &c.
S. S. PURDY and J. T. BOYCE,
AS THE BOOT BLACK AND NEWSBOY.
In addition to the Burlesque, the Ethiopian Opera of OH, HUSH!
GUMBO CUFF, B. B. B., FRANK BROWER.
THE ECHO, COMIC BANJO SOLOS,
HAPPY UNCLE TOM, SONGS, DANCES, &c.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 42

WINTER GARDEN.
HOLIDAY EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.
THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.
EDWIN BOOTH
AS HAMLET.
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
Doors open at 6¾.
Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 42

BROADWAY THEATRE.
FAREWELL OF SOLON SHINGLE.
LAST TWO NIGHTS
LAST TWO NIGHTS
OF
J. E. OWENS.....SOLON SHINGLE.
J. E. OWENS.....SOLON SHINGLE.
☞ The renowned triumph, which for one hundred and fifty consecutive nights has attracted the heartiest admiration of the town, might profitably and conspicuously hold possession of the stage for the remainder of the season, but the manager, confident that all true lovers of Comedy will indorse his unwillingness thus closely to restrict the rich resources of Mr. Owens' art, has resolved upon withdrawing it at the zenith of its fame; and accordingly announce, definitely, for Wednesday, January 25th,
THE LAST NIGHT
of the
PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
26th and 27th nights of the great local extravaganza—COMPANION PIECE TO SOLON SHINGLE—entitled
THE LIVE INDIAN,
THE LIVE INDIAN,
in which Owens' make-up and acting of
MISS CRINOLINE AND THE BIG INDIAN,
are pronounced the most perfect bits of extravagant comedy ever witnessed in New York.
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24th and 25th,
LAST NIGHTS OF THE PRESENT BILL.
LAST NIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
LAST NIGHTS OF SOLON SHINGLE AND LIVE INDIAN.
THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, Jan. 26th,
First time this season of Poole's celebrated comedy,
PAUL PRY.
PAUL PRY.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS.....as.....PAUL PRY,
Supported by
AN EXCELLENT CAST.
☞ Box-Book now open for the PAUL PRY Nights. 42

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
VALSHA, THE SLAVE-QUEEN.
Graff.....J. B. Studley | Balbec.....H. Chapman
Valsha, the Slave Queen.....Miss B. Denvil
Pas de Deux.....Mlle. Martinetti and Mons. Baptistin
THE JERSEY GIRL.
Capt. Gay.....Wm. St. Maur | Edgecombe.....J. McCloskey
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 30th,
A NEW AND GORGEOUS PANTOMIME BY G. L. FOX,
WHICH HAS BEEN SEVERAL MONTHS IN PREPARATION.
Owing to the immense outlay necessary these times to present a new piece effectively, on and after the above date the prices will be raised:
SECURED SEATS, 50 CENTS; BOXES, 30 CENTS; PIT AND GALLERY, 15 CENTS; PRIVATE BOXES, BALCONY, and ORCHESTRA WILL REMAIN AS HERETOFORE. 42

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 Broadway opposite Niblo's.
THIRTY-FIFTH WEEK.
GREAT SUCCESS
of the
NEW PROGRAMME!
NEW PIANOFORTE SOLOS
and
HELLER'S PECULIAR METHOD
of
TEACHING EVERYBODY
HOW TO BE A CONJUROR.
SEVEN ILLUSIONS,
TWO MARVELS,
THREE PIANOFORTE SOLOS,
THREE LESSONS IN MAGIC,
Every evening and at the Matinees.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8.
Office open daily from 9 till 4.
MATINEE ON WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2 P. M.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY, JAN. 23d, 1865.
Revival of the
GREAT DRAMA
of
GLENDOWER;
or,
THE NORTH SEA ROVER,
the romantic drama of
JERRY ABBERSHAW,
and the comical drama of
TIMOTHY TO THE RESCUE.
Friday Evening,
BENEFIT OF
MR. GEO BROOKES. 42

ARTEMUS WARD
AMONG THE MORMONS,
J. W. WILDER.....Manager.
THE GREAT ECCENTRIC HUMORIST
ARTEMUS WARD,
Whose recent successes in
NEW YORK AND BOSTON,
are wholly unprecedented in the history of "Popular Lecturing" on this continent, will appear in the chief cities of the United States prior to his appearance in London in July.
Will "reveal" at
NEW HAVEN, Wednesday and Thursday, January 25th and 26th
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Friday and Saturday, January 27th and 28th.
CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, one week, commencing Monday, January 30th.
WILMINGTON, Del., February 6th and 7th.
BALTIMORE, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th. 41-4t*tf

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Begins at 7½, Concludes at 10½.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY TO OVERFLOWING.
THIRD WEEK AND CONTINUED SUCCESS
of the
GREAT IRISH DRAMA,
THE SHAMROCK.
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS in his original character of PAT MALLOY, with the song of "Pat Malloy."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....MAGGIE
SUPPORTED BY A POWERFUL CAST.
SPLENDID SCENERY,
BEAUTIFUL MUSIC,
COMPLETE APPOINTMENTS,
RICH FURNITURE,
STARTLING SITUATIONS,
INTRICATE MECHANICAL EFFECTS,
STRIKING TABLEAUX,
ALL NEW AND OF THE MOST COSTLY DESCRIPTION.
Seats secured six days in advance. 41

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Doors open at 7.....Commencing at 7½
SEVENTH WEEK! SEVENTH WEEK!
CROWDED HOUSES! CROWDED HOUSES!
The
GREAT SENSATION
of the
SEASON,
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
EVERY NIGHT! EVERY NIGHT!
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
EXTRA ATTRACTION! EXTRA ATTRACTION!
AFTERNOON AT 3, EVENING AT 7½.
A NEW NATIONAL DOMESTIC DRAMA,
written by Mr. Milnes Levick expressly for this establishment, entitled
THE UNION PRISONER;
OR,
THE PATRIOT'S DAUGHTER.
With NEW AND NOVEL EFFECTS, LOCAL SCENERY, THRILLING TABLEAUX, &c.
NEW AND ORIGINAL CLOG DANCE.....by.....TIM HAYES
MORNING AT 11,
the Tragical Comedy and Comical Tragedy,
PUNCH AND JUDY,
by a celebrated Professor from London, with
NEW AND COSTLY APPARATUS,
PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
TWO MAMMOTH FAT WOMEN, 1,400 POUNDS.
LIVING SKELETON, 67 POUNDS.
GIANT BOY, 8 FEET HIGH, 18 YEARS OLD.
MAMMOTH MONKEY, THE DRILL.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS EXHIBIT
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES,
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, DWARF, ALBINO BOY, LIVING OTTERS,
FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AQUARIA, MENAGERIE,
and a million other Curiosities.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON. Begins at 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 23, and every evening until further notice. GRAND MATINEES on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2½.
FIFTH WEEK of the new and Original Grand Comic English Christmas Pantomime,
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD;
with its new and Gorgeous Scenic and Spectacular Effects, Tricks, Transformations, Comic Scenes, endorsed by Crowded Houses, pronounced by the entire Press to be the most unquestionably splendid and mirth-moving Spectacular production
EVER PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC.
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD
will be given every evening, and at all the Matinees, with its UNPARALLELED CAST AND SPLENDID APPOINTMENTS.
In addition to the
GRAND EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES,
in which the whole of
THE LEVIATHAN STAR COMPANY APPEAR
IN GORGEOUS ARRAY.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE. 42

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.
Every Phase of Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the following well known and unapproachable Artists:—

J. H. BUDWORTH,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
ARCHY HUGHES,	J. B DONNIKER,
J. A. HERMAN,	G. PARKERSON,
FRED ABBOTT,	J. FIELDING,
J. S. COX,	B. H. THOMPSON,
L. STANWOOD,	J. GOMPERT,
C. FRUMMELL,	T. SHERON,
B. C. NORTHRUP,	LITTLE WILLIE GUY.

Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 36 cents; Reserved, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $3.
32-tf E. GREENLAND, Agent.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.---BOOKS,
PRINTS, &c. CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Caroline Richings, Lucille Western, Ada and Emma Webb, Mrs. Bowers, Kate Reignolds, Susan Denin, Charlotte Thompson, Kate Denin, Maggie Mitchell as Fanchon and other characters, 10 positions; Miss Bateman, 5 positions; Fanny Herring, 5 positions; Leo Hudson, Kate Fisher, M'lle Zoe, Marietta Ravel, Helen Western, and Adah L Menken, 5 positions of each of the above, in French Spy and Mazeppa; Galetti, Kate Pennoyer, Lizzie Schultz, M'lle Ernestine, Zanfretta, and over 100 FRENCH DANCING GIRLS in character. The largest collection in the country of Photographs of Actors, Actresses, Generals, Statesmen, Works of Art, &c. 25 cents each, 5 for $1, and $2 per dozen. Also, a large collection of Plays, Theatrical Works, Books and Pictures of all descriptions. Send stamp for Catalogues. W. C. WEMYSS,
Theatrical and Purchasing Agent,
575 Broadway, New York.
42 1t*

MISS LEO HUDSON,
THIS UNRIVALLED EQUESTRIENNE, PANTOMIMIST, AND MELO-DRAMATIC ARTISTE,
is prepared to negotiate with managers of first class theatres for engagements of one or two weeks, with or without her horse, "Sensation."
Address her sole Business Agent,
W. BEAUMONT DUHRING,
41-e o w 60 North Exeter street, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED.--TWO YOUNG MEN would like to negotiate with some Troupe, travelling or stationary (the former preferred). Business—SINGING SOLOS, DUETS, and BALLADS. Also, Pianoforte Accompaniments.
Minstrel, Panorama, or Stereopticon, if wanted to fill or make up a Quartette, Tenor, and Basso. Address, for two weeks,
C. E. A., Box 106,
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COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!---
The undersigned having recently imported from Paris and London a magnificent set of WARDROBES, STAGE JEWELRY, WIGS, etc., are now prepared to supply Theatres and furnish Private Parties and Balls with anything in the above line.
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
42-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

CONNER & LEA'S DRAMATIC AND COSTUME AGENCY, 25 WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
The most convenient location in the city for the above business, in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolitan Hotel and Revere House, the great resort of the professionals and business men. First Class Performers Photographed Gratis, and engaged for any part of the world. A Company wanted for Savannah.
43-1tc CONNER & LEA.

MANAGERS, ACTORS, ACTRESSES, AMATEURS, &c., wishing anything in the Theatrical Line, such as Plays, Wigs, Swords—in fact, Stage Properties of every description—can have them furnished or forwarded to any address. Make orders explicit as possible. I will do the best to satisfy.
W. C. WEMYSS, Theatrical and Purchasing Agent,
42-1t* 575 Broadway, New York.

CARTES DE VISITE WANTED of all members of the DRAMATIC, OPERATIC, MINSTREL, ETHIOPIAN, and MUSIC HALL PROFESSIONS, for the purpose of making a selection to execute wood-cut portraits for a Book about being published entitled, A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. Address
CHARLES BROWN,
42-1t* CLIPPER Office.

NASHVILLE OPERA HOUSE,
OPENED JANUARY 23d, by
ARLINGTON'S GREAT TROUPE
for two weeks. Artists of acknowledged ability always wanted for Variety Business. House will seat 1600 people. For engagement or business, address G. D. RADEKER,
42-2t* Manager, P. O. Box 150, Nashville, Tenn.

WOULD-BE DRAMATIC AGENTS will please understand that OUR ADVERTISEMENTS ARE COPYRIGHTED, and any person infringing upon our rights by copying them will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
CONNER & LEA,
42-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

BANJOISTS, ATTENTION! ---- WANTED ---- CARTES DE VISITE of all the BANJO PLAYERS on or off the stage, for a new work. Those feeling inclined, will please send, with name, age, and any other particulars, to
FRANK B. CONVERSE,
42-1f 561 Broadway, up stairs.

JOHNNY MURRAY, SONG and DANCE, JIG, ESSENCE, and GENERAL PERFORMER, can be engaged through
CONNER & LEA,
42-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

EMMA FORREST'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, now at Havana, Cuba, will soon sail for Matamoras. A few more Artists may apply to
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
43-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

SITUATION WANTED by a Boy, 17 years of age. Would like to learn the Minstrel business. Has a great liking for the business and would learn it soon. Can give Song and Dance. Address, stating particulars, JAMES WINN, No. 94 East Warren street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 43-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

☞ **TO MANAGERS.** ☜
MISS ADDIE ANDERSON,
THE BEAUTIFUL.

[MAZEPPA.]
MISS ADDIE ANDERSON,
THE DASHING AND ACCOMPLISHED
EQUESTRIENNE AND ACTRESS,
MISS ADDIE ANDERSON,
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD,
AND
MR. H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED MARE,
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA,
With the following repertoire of Equestrian Dramas:—
THE BORDER SPY;
OR,
THE TRAPPER'S LAST SHOT.
THE FOUNDLING;
OR,
THE WILD HORSE OF THE FOREST.
THE RIDE FOR LIFE.
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP.
THE BRIGAND QUEEN.
JENNIE DIVER, THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN.
THE DEMON HUNTSMAN.
THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK.
SABRINA; or, SLAVERY IN EUROPE.
THE OUTLAW'S STEED.
NEW DRAMAS, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MISS ADDIE ANDERSON.
Also,
MAZEPPA, PUTNAM, DICK TURPIN,
JACK RANN, MIKE MARTIN, JACK SHEPPARD,
EAGLE EYE, NICK WHIFFLES, HERNE THE HUNTER,
TIMOUR THE TARTAR, MARGARET CATCHPOLE,
THE FEMALE SPY, EL HYDER, CLAUDE DUVAL,
JOAN OF ARC,
Together with
NEW AND SPLENDID WOOD CUTS,
and
STAGE TRAPPINGS NOT TO BE EQUALLED.
CHALLENGE FOR $1000!
TO ANY PERFORMING STAGE HORSE PROPRIETOR IN THE WORLD!
Believing that I own the best PERFORMING STAGE HORSE IN THE WORLD, I hereby CHALLENGE ANY ONE for $100 to $1000, to produce its superior for high leaping, quickness in going over the stage runs, and for beauty and style.
Address HENRY B GATES,
Owner of the Champion Mare BLACK BESS.
Managers wishing to engage this talented Actress, will please address H. B. GATES, Business Manager,
42-1t* CLIPPER OFFICE, 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

TO SHOWMEN.

J. BRUCE,
600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED,
SO
HURRY UP
YOUR ORDERS.
J. BRUCE, 600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
N. B.—SCENERY,
PANORAMAS, DECORATIONS, SHOW PICTURES, &c., &c.,
PAINTED
on the
SHORTEST NOTICE
and in the
BEST MANNER. 42-6t*

LEAVENWORTH THEATRE.
Manager.....W. H. COOLIDGE.
Applications from FIRST-CLASS STARS solicited. The present season expires with the month of June, 1865.
HENRY LINDEN,
42-6t Acting and Stage Manager.

W. H. DONALDSON, the MAGICIAN, will confer a favor by dropping a line to JOHN S. MARSHALL,
42-1t* Poughkeepsie.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,
THE GREAT STAR OF THE AGE,
the unapproachable artiste on the TIGHT ROPE, and premier Spanish Danseuse of America, is now performing a most successful engagement at the Varieties Theatre, Chicago, Ill. Communications may be addressed to M. W. HANLEY, P. O., Chicago, Ill.

ALL LETTERS for ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S CIRCUS to be addressed at SANTIAGO DE CUBA for the next four weeks, as we do not expect to be in St. Thomas before the end of February. 42

NOTICE
TO
CIRCUS PROPRIETORS.
THE NICOLO PARTY OF GYMNASTS
are at liberty to arrange with Managers for the travelling season. Their performances consist of the DOUBLE LADDERS, FOUR GLOBES, the THREE BROTHERS, the ARIEL BARS, and YOUNG NICOLO on the THREE FLYING TRAPEZE, or Zampillacrostation, Mr. Nicolo having an apparatus on a light principle, expressly to travel with. Managers will bear in mind that this great feature has never been seen or done under canvas. Managers wishing to arrange with the above Artists will please address
48 Orchard Street,
42-1t* Near Grand, New York.

TO EQUESTRIAN MANAGERS.
MADAME MACARTE,
the most finished Equestrienne in the world, can arrange for next Summer. Also, the extraordinary comical Irish Dwarf Equestrian,
JONATHAN JACK,
who has just arrived from Europe, where he has for several seasons been the great card, and now playing in Cincinnati.
Address MADAME MACARTE,
42-3t CLIPPER Office.

TO CIRCUS AND SHOWMEN.
FOR SALE CHEAP, a 65 feet round top Canvas, with stage and fixtures, all complete. Address
CLARRY & REILLEY,
42-1t* 12 and 14 Spruce street, N. Y.

A FIRST-CLASS CONCERT TROUPE WANTED, to travel for one year. Pay sure. Full particulars, the lowest salary per week, and a programme must be sent. Address MANAGER G., care of N. Y. CLIPPER. 42-1t*

TO MANAGERS.--The subscribers have on hand the largest stock of
THEATRICAL WARDROBE
FOR HIRE IN THE UNITED STATES,
by the night, week, or season. What is the use of Managers making up their own wardrobe, when they can get any piece dressed without expense or trouble, at much shorter notice than it takes to cut the work out in any theatre, (and of better material,) by applying to H. W. WILLIAMS & SON,
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PADUCAH THEATRE,
PADUCAH, KY.
This establishment, having undergone a thorough renovation, is now elegantly fitted up and open for the season, under the management of
MRS. FRANK GRAHAM,
With a full and efficient company.
Professionals of acknowledged ability may always apply.
Stars treated with. Address ED. B. TROVER,
41-3m Business Manager.

FOR SALE.--ONE TENT, 60 feet round top, top in 3 sections, sides 2 sections, 12 feet sides, with Guy Ropes and Side Poles all complete.
Made about three years ago, of the best Patapsco duck, but has been used only one week.
PRICE $1000.
H. M. STONE, No. 516 Morgan street,
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MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
THE GREATEST
COMIC AND SERIO COMIC
CHARACTERISTIC VOCALIST
and
ACTRESS IN HER LINE
in
THE WORLD,
Will shortly be at liberty to accept engagements from managers of theatres and first class music halls. Apply to
DICK O'NEIL,
41-3t* Casino, Philadelphia.

SAWYER'S HALL,
GENESEO, ILLINOIS,
on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, 160 miles west of Chicago, contains 3500 inhabitants. Sawyer's Hall was built in 1864, is fifty feet square, thirteen and a half to fourteen feet high, will hold six hundred persons, is well fitted for Shows, Concerts, &c.
J. A. SAWYER, Proprietor.
Geneseo, Ill., January 1, 1865. 40

AMUSEMENTS.

SANFORD'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Race Street, between Second and Third,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
CHARLEY COLLINS, P. S. GERHART & JOE COOK,
Proprietors.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON
with the LARGEST and most able Troupe of Minstrels in the World.
COOK, COLLINS & GERHART'S
CHALLENGE MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
In conjunction with the above Troupe is
EDDIE NINO, THE GREAT CHILD WONDER,
IN HIS TERRIFIC ASCENSIONS.
N. B.—First-class performers can always have steady engagements by addressing or telegraphing, stating line of business, to
CHARLEY COLLINS,
Sanford's Opera House.
JAKE WALLACE will please send his address to Charley Collins. 42-4t

HARRY SEYMOUR,
AUTHOR, TRAGEDIA

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

J. W. Morse & Co.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS
ON WOOD IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

MRS. CONWAY'S
PARK THEATRE,
Opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT, WITH A SUPERIOR COMPANY
In all the Standard Plays of the Drama. 40-41*

HOOLEY AND CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.

Embracing the following great array of talent.
Read the names of the best performers ever brought together:

COOL BURGESS,	W. S. BUDWORTH,
FRANK LESLIE,	A. NICHOLLS,
L. J. NEVERS,	J. LIVINGSTON,
J. W. HILTON,	J. BAILEY,
H. MUDGE,	G. DODSON,
R. NICHOLLS,	W. H. LEWIS,
HAIL COLUMBIA,	W. HODGKINS,

YANKEE DOODLE.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. 42-tf

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR
OF THE
MODEL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY OF THE WORLD,
HAVERLY & MALLORY'S
GREAT COMBINATION MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
32 TALENTED VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS, AND DELINEATORS OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDY,
SELECTED GEMS FROM THE GREAT AND UNAPPROACHABLE CONGRESS OF ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS.
OBSERVE OUR MAMMOTH CONSTELLATION OF POPULAR STARS:—

Miss SALLIE DUVAL,	Mr. JOHNNY JUDGE,
Miss ELIZA DUVAL,	Mr. FRANK B. WEST,
Miss NELLY HAYWOOD,	Mr. O. P. SWEET,
Miss EVA BLANCHARD,	Mr. EDWARD MAYO,
Miss NORA PYNE,	Mr. HUGH HAMALL,
Miss EDNA WILLIS,	Mr. HARRY CAUSLAND,
Mr. L. J. MAYO,	Master BOBBY JUDGE,
Mr. CARL STRAUSS,	Mr. M. BLESSINGER,
Mr. GEORGE FIELDS,	Mr. ARTHUR FERGISON,
Mr. J. JONES,	Mr. R. H. ARMSTRONG,
Mr. TOM WHITING,	Mr. J. H. HAVERLY,
Mr. N. B. SHIMER,	Mr. FRANK MONTFORD.

After a triumphal tour through the Canadas, British Provinces, and New England States, this popular company will soon return west to the scenes of their former successes, visiting the principal cities in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.

HAVERLY & MALLORY, Proprietors and Managers.
R. H. ARMSTRONG, Agent.
JUDSON JONES, Assistant Agent.
34-3m*

REED & RILEY'S
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OPERA HOUSE,
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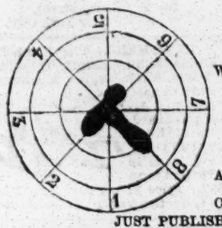

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